ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF HELLENIC THOUGHT

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Vol. XI - No. 2 SUMMER, 1950

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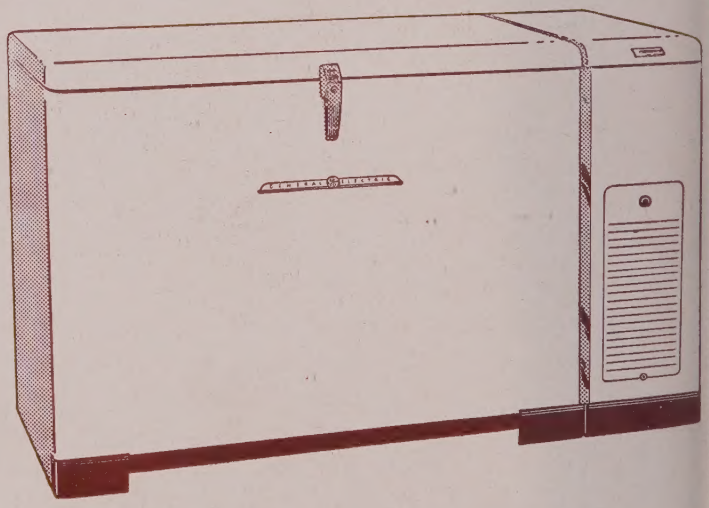

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STORIES

by

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ZOE KARELLI
TH. GIANNAKOULIS
DEMETRA VAKA
C. J. LAMPOS
KIMON DOUKAS
JOHN BELASCO
and others

●

ATHENE

Summer 1950 = Vol. XI = No. 2
919 Wellington Avenue - Chicago 14, Ill.
Phone WEbster 9-3395

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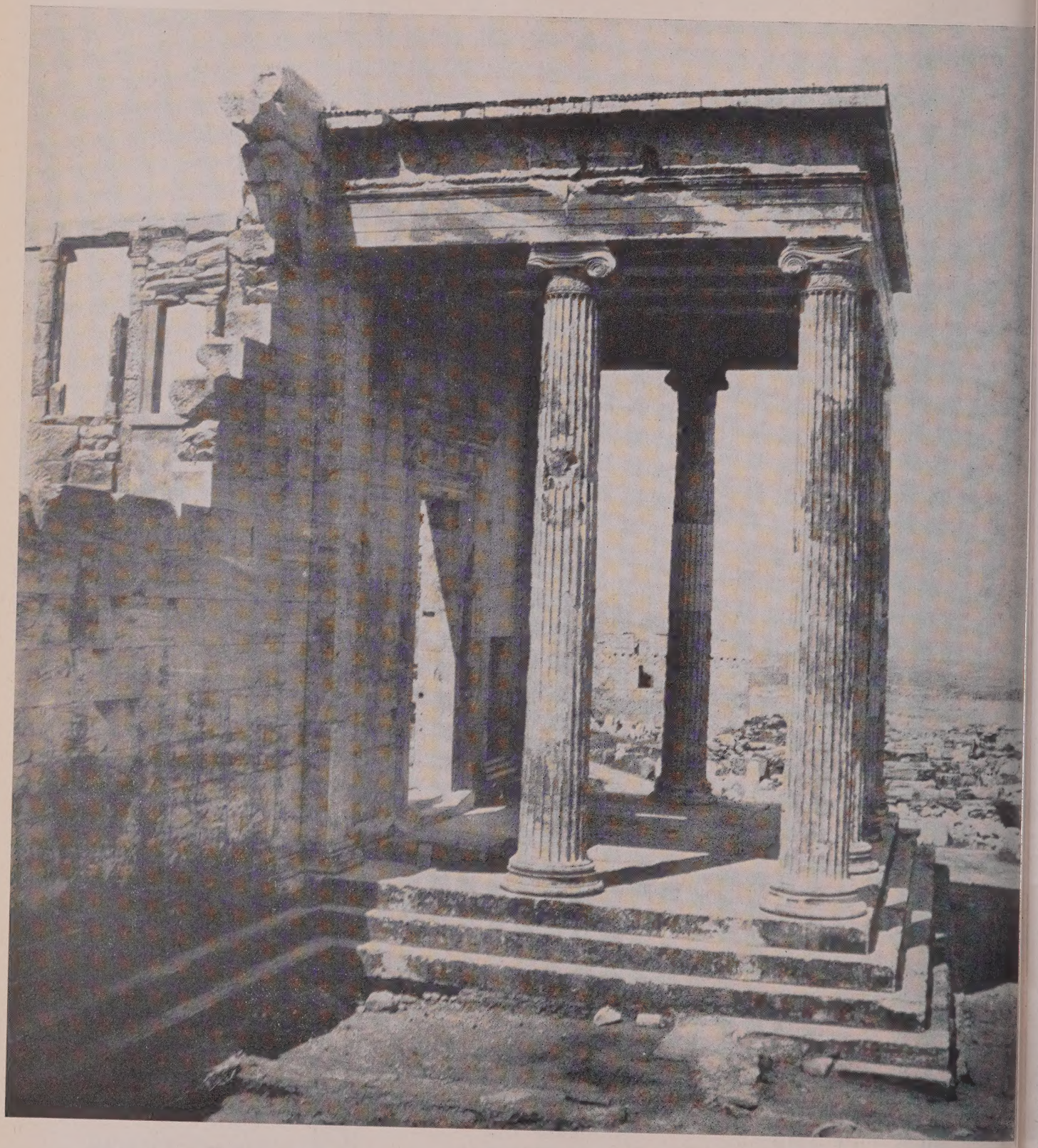
Edited Quarterly
by

DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

• Entered as Second Class Matter March 28, 1941 at the Post Office of Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



ERECHTHEION: The North Porch

ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT

SUMMER, 1950 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XI - So. 2

Holy Week In Malabar

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By PRINCE PETER of Greece

(EDITOR'S NOTE): Prince Peter of Greece, a noted scholar and a distinguished archeologist, is now in India where he is unearthing valuable historical data relating mostly on the influence of Alexander's conquest on the Art and Civilization of the Far East. "I am now on the borders of Tibet" he wrote to us recently, "where I hope to go in a few days. In that country I think I shall make some discoveries and am already on the track of an interesting image of Buddha which was presented to the Emperor of China by an Indian ruler in gratefulness for having assisted him in repulsing a **Yavana** Greek) invasion — no doubt after the time of Alexander". The article below tells of millions of Christians in the depths of India whose services are an echo of the Greek Orthodox Church and originally came from Byzantium.

Today is Palm Sunday 1950, Eastern rite, and we are in church; but not in a usual church such as we are accustomed to go to at home or in the Near East. This is a small, white-washed one, standing among houses that are very similar in style, in one of the side streets of Ernakulam, in Cochin State, on the south-western, Malabar coast of India.

The temperature is oppressive. 87° in the shade. and we fan ourselves continually with tressed palm leaves, which the white-robed verger gave us as we came in, to keep ourselves just moderately dry. All around us, the men one side, to the right facing the altar. the women on the other. is a crowd which. should we forget for a moment that we are in India. we would easily mistake for early Christians of the catacombs in Rome.

"Barakmore!" (in Syriac, Lord bless!) says the deacon. he too white-clad. bare-footed and bear-headed. facing the altar. **"Stomen kalos!"** (n Greek Stand ye well).

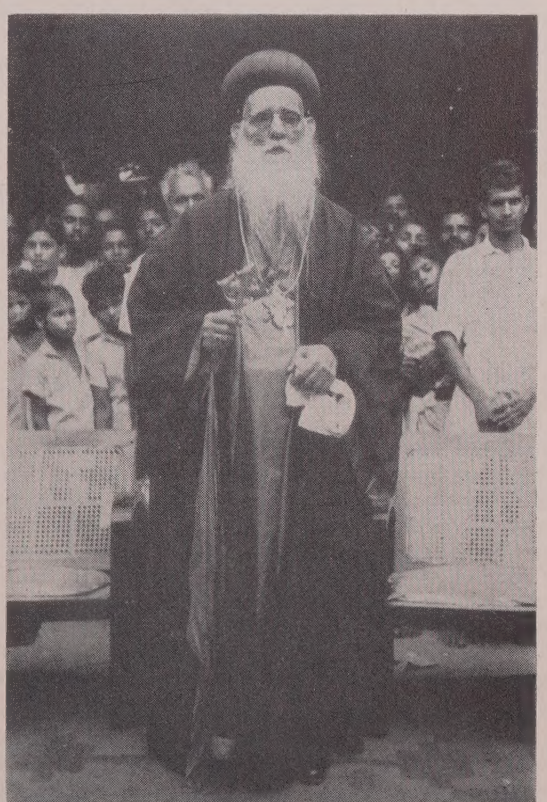
"Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison!" (in Greek. Lord have mercy!) chant the congregation in chorus. the gentle voices of the sari-clad women on the right rising up, high-pitched, above the deeper tones of the men.

Bowing now. the priest turns from the altar. upon which a plain cross alone stands, and comes forward towards us. He is dressed in an ordinary, red cotton smock, with a flower-embroidered, loose. sack-like garment thrown over it: he is bear-headed and bear-footed also, and holds a cross with ribbons attached to it in his right hand.

In Malayalam, the language of Malabar, facing us, he says:

"My beloved brethren, pray with me that this prayer be acceptable." And again, turns towards the simple altar table, in front of which he now kneels in silent supplication. Reverently, and with hardly any commotion, the men and women around us, get down on their knees too, and in the incense-laden atmosphere, all you hear is the whispered murmur of devout praying.

We are impressed. Who are these Christians of India, of whom we had only vaguely heard before coming here? How is it that they show such



HIS HOLINESS THE CATHOLIKOS OF THE EAST AND METROPOLITAN OF THE MALABAR COAST, MORAN MAR BASELIOS GEVARGHESE II, HEAD OF THE DISSIDENT SYRIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH OF MALANKARA (MALABAR). (Photographed on Maundy Thursday at Paramula, Tranvacore).

deep reverence and piety, reminiscent of the early martyrs of our faith?

As the priest rises again, comes forward once more and, this time, blesses us with a circular movement of his hand beginning from his middle, as if to seek there some inner, consecrated inspiration, we go through in our minds what we have been told about this Church.

Malabar, tradition has it, was envangelized by no one less than the Apostle Thomas himself. He is said to have landed here in 52 A.D., and to have immediately set about preaching the Gospel to the Hindoo population. He, who had to see in order to believe, even converted, amongst others, more humble folk, some high caste Brahmin families, who then greatly assisted him in his work. This lasted twenty years, when, in Mylapore, on the other coast, near present-day Madras, a heathen of the same Brahmin caste as his earlier converts, no doubt resenting the continued success that he had met with, put an end to his life by thrusting a spear through his body. His little flock, however, was left in peace and prospered. Today, it has grown so as to include some four millions, although, because of the innumerable viscissitudes later indured, these are no longer, as originally, within the same fold.

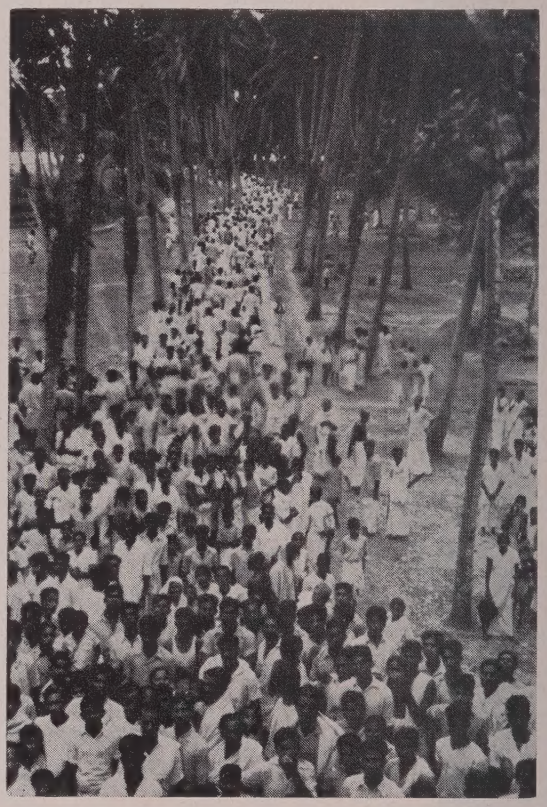
The service is finished and, joining the others in the **"Hosannas"** of the day, we kiss the cross and prepare to leave. But the priest bekons to us and we remain behind, waiting until he has changed into his out-going dress: a simple, white cotton coat, buttoned over the shoulder, with a black sash round the waist. A smile on his brown. clean-shaven face, he asks us what we thought of the **Kurbaná** (service). We liked it very much indeed, we tell him, but which specific Church does he belong to, exactly? we query.

"We are the Christians of St. Thomas", he answers, and when we protest that **all** the Christians of Malabar are that, he laughs and makes it more explicit.

"Yes, that is true. We, specially, are a reformed body. The Mar Thoma Church, as we call ourselves, has resulted from our relations with the British Church Mission Society. Some one hundred and fifty years ago, when we were still at the beginning, and not a **lakh** (100.000) and half as we are today, we did away with a lot of observances which we believed no longer of importance. Thus we do not pray for the dead or to the saints any longer, nor do we have confession or administer the Sacraments together as before. We make nearly exclusively use of Malayalam instead of the liturgical Syriac—the Aramaic of Our Lord, you know—and our bishops are ordained by our own clergy, which makes us completely autonomous. Ours, in fact, is the real Church of St. Thomas, adapted to present-day circumstances."

Later, that afternoon, we meet His Grace, Yuhannon Mar Thoma, Metropolitan of the Marthomaites, as they are also known sometimes. He leaves us with a very good impression of his learnings, character and appearance. He is a middle-aged man, with a full grey beard, which admirably sets off his bright, dark eyes and, when he smiles which is often, his regular, milk-white teeth. On his head, crowning the dark forehead, he wears a cap with a neck-piece hanging down behind, decorated all over with eighteen small Greek crosses, white on a wine-coloured background. He invites us to visit at Thinivella in Travancore where he resides, and we promise to do so, looking forward to the excursion.

In the meantime, however, we get another invitation. His Holiness, Moran Mar Baselios Gevarghese II, Catholicos of the East and Metropolitan of Malabar, head of the Malankara (Malabar) Syrian Orthodox Church, has sent an emissary to ask us to attend the Washing of the Feet which



ERUMALA TRANVACORE: The crowd outside the Cathedral on Maundy Thursday. (Taken from the apartment of the Catholicos).

will be performed on Holy Thursday, at Parumala, near his See of Kottayam, in Travancore.

We accept with alacrity, and on the appointed day, drive the twenty four miles distance in our car. We have to cross three rivers by ferry on the way and can not actually get right up to the place by road. Transfering ourselves to a waiting motor-boat, we disembark a little further up a back-water (of which Malabar is full), in the midst of an enormous crowd of natives lining the bank. In procession, we are taken to the cathedral, which stands out, massive and white-washed, from the green coconut palms that surround it on all sides. The high dignitaries of this Church, two bishops and an archdeacon, resplendant in their ecclesiastical attire, await us at the door. They have on a black, tightly pleated turban like an enormous onion, over a cap similiar to that of the Martho-

maite Metropolitan, long black robes lined with scarlet, and a belt of the same red at the waist—in fact, the regular dress of the Monophysite clergy of Syria.

They take us to some rooms upstairs to meet His Holiness, an eighty three years old man, seated in a chair, dressed in the same fashion and with hardly a tooth left in his mouth, we notice, when he opens it to welcome us.

We are not kept waiting long. Nearly immediately, we descend from the Catholico's apartments and, in procession, proceed to a prepared place at the back of the building.

Here, quite fifteen thousand people are gathered; the front rows squatting on the ground, the others standing behind. The heat is dreadful, made worse still by the proximity of the crowd, and we long for a breath of fresh air as we are led to our places. These are just below a fibre awning-covered, raised platform, upon which the aged Metropolitan is assisted to his seat, at the head of two rows, facing each other, of twice half a dozen, junior prelates.

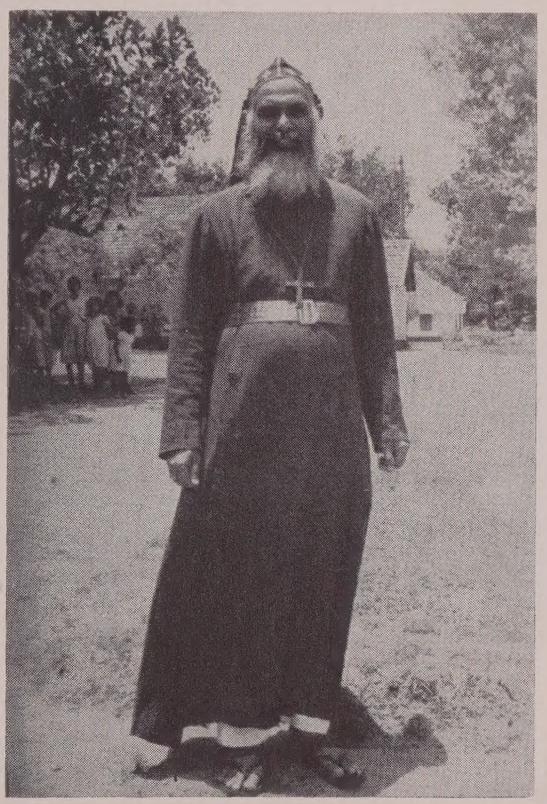
The ceremony we are about to witness is a very ancient one. It is still performed by the Greek Orthodox Church at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and on the island of Patmos in the Dodecanese. Other Oriental Churches, such as the Armenians, Copts and Abyssinians also stage it. It is an actual representation of Jesus Christ washing the feet of His disciples before the Last Supper, and the role of Our Saviour should, in sign of humility, always be filled by the highest ranking priest present.

Chants in Syriac precede the actual washing, and His Holiness even makes a sermon in Malayalam which he concludes by presenting us to the crowd and welcoming us to Parumala. Then water in a white enamel basin, a sponge and towels are brought and the principal scene is enacted. The crowd simultaneously entones many, long drawn-out **"Kyrie eleison"** (Lord have mercy), a most impressive and unexpected occurrance which leaves us wondering. Do these Indians know what they are repeating, or are they simply doing so automatically? And then we think that, really it is immaterial, what counts' is that this Greek religious utterance should be made use of here, in the original, so far from home. A deep-seated emotion seizes us, we who are Greek Orthodox, and we gaze with moved amazement at the thousand of half-clad, brown, chanting devotees who surround us.

On the next day, Good Friday, we attend the afternoon service at a little, popular church, situated just at the back of where we are staying in Ernakulam. This, at home, is the ceremony when everyone stands with a lighted candle in his hand, while the officiating priests, in procession out in the street and round the church, go through the ritual of laying Christ's body—embroidered on a cloth—to rest before the altar.

We are not a little intrigued to see that here too the same is done. Or rather, more accurately, **nearly** the same, for this is a church belonging to the Jacobite Syrians, who recognize the supremacy of His Beatitude Mar Ephraim Barsoum, the Monophysite Patriarch of Antioch, resident in far off Homs, in Syria; but it is close enough to what we ourselves follow, for one to speak of a definite similitude.

As has just been said, this is only a small, popular church we are in, and consequently there is only one priest and no deacon or choir boys to assist him. Perspiring because of the close, hot atmosphere, the little old man, with the thin, scraggy neck and the spare, unkempt beard, struggles through the Syriac lithurgy which he reads in a sing-song, nasal tone out of a manuscript book, his black skull cap awry on his uncut, long



HIS GRACE THE METROPOLITAN OF THE MAR THOMA CHURCH, YUHANNON MAR THOMA (Photographed at the Ashram of Pirumbacor, Tranvacore).

grey curls, and the drops of sweat running down onto his frayed, discoloured, flower-embroidered gown. When it comes to his taking only the altar table's plain wooden cross round the church in procession — for images and ikons are anathema to the Syrians—the crowded congregation of simple Indian peasants and their families reverently open up to let him pass, devoutly crossing themselves from left to right, like Catholics, at the moment that he draws level with them.

On coming out when it is finished, an acquaintance who has accompanied us tells us that this Church is about one hundred and twenty thousand strong, but that they would be more numerous by another one hundred and eighty thousand, if the Malankara Orthodox Syrians had not broken away. A thirty year old law suit about

church property, he says, opposes the Catholics to these people, who are headed by His Grace Metropolitan Athanasius, resident at Alway in Travancore, assisted by the Patriarch of Antioch's Envoy, Mar Julius Bava, of Pathanamthitta, near the Travancore town of Omallur.

"How many more Churches of the kind have you? we exclaim half jockingly. You seem to be remarkably split up for such an ancient community."

"Yes, alas! we are," answers our friend. He works on the local Y.M.C.A. and so ought to know. 'You see, originally, we were all part of St. Thomas's Church. In fact, that early, there was nothing else. Only later when, for political and nationalist motives, heresy crept in did we lose our unity—just as you did too, as a matter of fact, and for the same reasons! First, we were taken over by the Nestorians, then the Portuguese came here and persecuted the life out of us to force us to join their Church of Rome. They succeeded to some extent, since over two millions of

PERUMALA TRANVACORE: Before The Washing of The Feet Ceremony, Tre Catholocos and His Staff.

us now, the Latin Catholics and the Romo-Syrians,—that is Roman Catholics and Syrians who adher to the latter,—recognize the Pope as their supreme head. This alien pressure led us, in turn, to appeal, in self defence, for the assistance of the Jacobite Syrians, who, profiting by the circumstances, gathered, as you can see, quite a few into their fold. With the British connection, the Marthomaites split off, and the rest simply joined the United Church of South India, an Episcopalian organization that today has nearly a million of our people with them."

At the mention of Nestorians, we however, pricked up our ears. Was it possible that there should be any left, here, in Malabar? We know, of course, that this, one of the most ancient Churches of all grouping the partisans of Nestor, Patriarch of Constantinople in 431, and which once had extended its sway right across Central Asia as far as distant Pekin in the East, still lingers on, although greatly diminished, in northern Irak, Kurdistan and Syria. Their distinctive doctrine is that Christ has two entirely different natures, one divine and the other human. Their leader is the original Catholics of the East, Patriarch of Ctesiphon-Seleucia, today His Holiness Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII, a United States citizen, resident in Chicago, Ill.

"Are there still any Nestorians and have they no service we can attend before the Holy Week is out?" we enquire eagerly.

"Why, of course. We call them Chaldeans here, and their main centre is Trichur in north Cochin. Would you like to go to the Saturday night, Resurrection mass? It can easily be arranged."

Would we? We fairly rush him into it, and on the next afternoon leave early in order to cover the 45 miles there are to do in plenty of time.

It is about six p. m. when we arrive in the outskirts of Trichur. Here the cathedral, or Big Church as it is called, stands, and another enormous crowd awaits us, having been informed of our coming. We are received with particular honours: a red parasol carried over us, flower garlands put over our necks, flower nosegays thrust into our hands, a lighted oil lamp, symbol of royalty, carried in front of us as we proceed through rows and rows of eager straining faces towards the entrance, and a white cloth over the threshold for us to step on as we enter. We walk up through the central aisle to arm chairs prepared for us, to the left of a sky-blue curtain with a great, big, blood-red cross on it that hangs just in front of the altar, hiding the latter completely from view.

Looking round, we see that the place is packed. All the twenty thousand Nestorians or Assyro-Chaldeans as they now, on orders from the Mar Shimun, call themselves in Trichur, seem to have turned up. Big gilt parasols stand behind us, fourteen in a row, emblems of bishops who are no more, for this Church is a dying one, and only a half paralytic vicar administers it today.

But, look! The curtain is slowly drawn and we can see what is behind it. The extraordinary thing is that it appears as if an earthquake had taken place. The most incredible disorder prevails: big candelabra and candlesticks lie fallen down, the carpets are turned over anyhow, holy vessels are on their sides on the altar table, while flower pots are strewn right and left. We are unable to explain it to ourselves, and therefore turn to a member of the Chaldean community who ushered us in and who now stands close behind. What is this? we enquire.

"Sign of mourning, he whispers back. As soon as Christ is declared risen, everything will be put back in place."

He is right. He has hardly finished speaking, when now come, walking slowly and chanting as they go, a priest and two deacons, followed by three choir boys. They are all dressed in gaily, flowered vestments, with rich gold embroidery on them. We notice that they cross themselves like Greeks, that is from right to left, but they chant in Syriac which no one understands. While the bearded priest sets himself to raising the great candelabra, the candlesticks and the holy vessels, the clean-shaven deacons and the choir boys busy themselves with putting the carpets in place and

redisposing the flower pots where they should stand.

Then, still chanting, the priest comes forward, close to where we are. There is silence, and then: "Christ is risen!" he says in a loud voice, thrice, in Syriac. Now, everybody seems to understand; an answering shout comes from thousands of throats, and an orchestra which we had not paid attention to, composed of cymbals, tambourins, clarinettes and one shrill-sounding violin, strikes up a truly Oriental, wailing tune behind us. The noise is deafening, especially as simultaneously crackers go off in the yard outside with very loud explosions.

When the commotion has somewhat died down, the priest goes towards the altar. This is a plain one, but there are carved wooden figures above, remnants, we are told, of former Catholic domination. Assisted by his deacons, he takes out more holy vessels with great care, from little side cupboards, and lights a censer of which he next makes copious and constant use. Every sacred vessel and garment, even the precious- metal bound Bible are bathed in the aromatic smoke, while murmured prayers are said. Then the service begins in earnest, with many loud intonations and prosterna-

PERUMALA TRANVACORE: The Catholicos Washing the Feet of a Disciple

tions, the like of which we have never seen anywhere else before.

As we stand and watch it all, we cannot help thinking that this is probably the very same liturgy that Genghis Khan, Kublai and other great Asiatic conquerors attended in their time. For this Nestorian Church was dominant right across Asia in the Middle Ages, in fact, practically the only representative of our Faith in those wild-parts. What we are witnessing to-night is practically all that survives of a glorious missionary past. These are perhaps the last years of the Nestorians, we speculate whimsically, and in a very short time, of that which was once a colossal and amazingly successful Christian undertaking, nothing probably will be left for future generations than the indistinct echo of a romantic legend or the dry record of an historical fact.

After twelve that night, there is a procession through the streets of the town, in which we take part. Walking slowly behind the Bible, carried by a priest under a dais, flanked on either side of the fourteen gilt parasols, we head twelve thousand people, each carrying a lighted candle. Fireworks are let off every twenty paces or so, and a choir of little girls, with palm leaves in their hands, chant incessantly in high-pitched, childish voices. We go the whole round of the town, rousing those who cannot sleep to-night, and who hang out of their windows as the long, seething mass of humanity wends its tortuous way, at a snail's pace, below them.

It is well passed three a.m. when we arrive back at the cathedral and break up. The priests seem to be preparing for just one more service! Sunday morning's. But it is too much for us. In spite of the interest, we go to the State guest house where we are staying, to a well-earned, we feel, sleep, which happily for us, lasts well into the late morning hours of Easter Day.

IMPROVISATION

Your voice al
tering from known, barely above it
for roof;
down, sloping down
to an eighth of an inch
beneath it
for floor

and carefully drops
to ap
proximate cellar.

But you can't
fool me, though — I know
the song . . .

—CONSTANCE ELINORE HATSON

The Old Gipsy

By VASSO HILIOPULOS
(Translated from the Greek)

I.

The plain lay desolate under a leaden sky and the deluge threatened the earth with inevitable destruction. The rain never slackened and furious drops battered the frosted panes of the solitary house that looked in confusion upon the surrounding wilderness, where, leafless trees like odd strange skeletons stretched their yellow branches upwards, as though to theraten some unknown enemy hidden in the pitchdark clouds.

The mossclad tiles seemed to groan with every drop that fell like wailing tears down to the rotten foundations. The wind bitter and freezing penetrated through the fissures worked out by time and disaster and made the three men shudder as they sat near the fire-place with closed lips, sealed by the terror that howled outside.

The logs creaked with monotonous insistence and the reddish flames illuminated their sullen faces and sent black shadows upon the opposite wall that was plunged more in darkness and mystery.

Suddenly, a deep knock at the closed door, that was lost upon the walls in a queer vibration, made the three men start. They exchanged terror-stricken glances for a brief moment. Then, their eyes turned upon the door. One of them sat up went to the door and flung it open.

II.

In the opening an old gipsy woman eyed him strangely. Her hair under her yellow head-gear dropped water. The man thought her black satanic eyes gleamed in the darkness as two red coals. Her lips, firmly closed, let her face appear more deeply wrinkled and her face glazed like black amber. On her shoulders a much patched quilt in rags was dripping water more than the sky itself.

The man felt a shudder run his veins and stood mutely contemplating the old gipsy. He finally spoke. "What do you want, woman?"

She replied abruptly and her voice was hoarse. "To seek shelter. I was going to join my people but on the way the rain began to pour. I am drenched to the skin and I am frozen. I have seen this house in the wilderness and thought that only night birds of prey could ever seek shelter in here. I came to stay until the rain ceased. My people are still far away."

The man studied the old woman from head to foot. Then he turned to the others as though to ask their permission to let the woman enter or throw her out. But the gipsy pushed him aside and walked in. She threw her quilt in a corner and without asking permission she went to the fire and sat down on the floor cross-legged. The three men, confused by the wild expression on her face, exchanged puzzled glances.

The man who had opened the door made a movement to take the old woman by the shoulders and throw her out, but the older of the three touched the man's arm and put his finger to his lips as though to command silence. "Sit down," he said in a whisper.

III.

The old gipsy seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the others. She stared at the fire lost in her meditations.

The flames in long tongues coloured her features red and gave her the appearance of a fantastic creature, a witch who had cut the wall asunder and emerged out of smoke that smelled of sulphur. She kept looking at the fire. She still sat there, taciturn and not moving, paying no heed to the murmurs of the three men who, with heads bent, were whispering. Some time passed before the older of the three touched her shoulder. "Will you tell me, mother," he began.

The gipsy turned reluctantly and made his eyes wretchedly. Her dark eyes rested for a moment absently looking, their gaze far away dreamingly.

"What is it you want to know? Her voice was dry and gave the impression of the crack of wood as it breaks.

"Where do you come from?"

"From the great city," she said.

"And where are your people?"

"Very far away. Down in the plains."

"But why you were left behind?"

"I stopped at the great city to purchase medicine for my ailing son. I intended to join them soon, but I was delayed. Night had fallen when I took the road. When I was nearing that village down there, the sky began to moan and wail like a fury let loose. Lightning crossed and recrossed the black clouds like evil poisonous snakes and brought temporary blindness. It then began to rain. In torrents the rain came. To protect myself I knocked at a door, but the instant they saw me the door was closed in my face. 'Get out, you she-devil' they cried. A little farther on, where I knocked again at another house, a youngman knocked me on the head with a bludgeon,—here, see the blood,—and let loose a bloodhound which has torn pieces of flesh off my legs,—here, see my legs." She offered her head and legs for inspection. Then she continued. "I have run with my old legs as best I could. I was nearing the last houses of the village. From a cottage there came the music of a love-song. I thought where love

abides people should sympathize and permit me to stretch my tired feet in a corner. I thought them so happy and satisfied with life that I dared convince myself that happiness sometimes feels compassion for the unfortunate. I knocked. A hard voice from within responded: 'Who is there?' What could I answer? At times you are asked certain things to which you are at a loss to give a proper reply. Instead of replying I knocked again. I heard heavy steps and the door opened. In the subdued light that came from the fire within I thought I was face to face with a ghost. It is thus that one is deceived sometimes. Under the glare of lightning I saw a tall, broad-shouldered old man with wicked eyes that surveyed me angrily. I asked him to let me pass the night in a corner. 'Get going, you filthy woman' he said. He took me by the shoulders and pushed me back abruptly. I rolled in the mud and the door was closed behind me. I heard him cursing. I got up, trying to find the medicines I carried and found only broken bottles and the drugs mixed with the dirt.

With these last words the old gipsy gave a hoarse cry and a strange sob, that shook her body convulsively. Then, with horny fingers she stirred the logs and gazed at the flames.

IV.

"But why were they casting you off?" asked the youngest of the three, he who had opened the door for her." You are a human being." "Why? What do you ask the 'why' for? What's the use? A human being, by my faith! A gipsy there, keeping permanent company with evil ghosts and speaking with the stars. Who practices magic. Who reads devil books to produce evil and bring misfortune and saws fiends. She is cast off from everywhere like a shrew. The children are terrified. The women cross themselves. And the men show their fists threatening but the more frightened themselves, because those who fear sometimes play the role of the valiant. It is only when, driven by the mad thought of knowing the future, they approach me in the vain hope to be foretold of the times to come and offer their palms for me to discern the unknown out of the lines of their hands as though such lines were an open book to read. To read the future, which remains hidden, as though it was possible for mortals to read what tomorrow, after tomorrow, after the lapse of a year should bring. Poor humanity. Always tied with madness and the unquenchable thirst to create themselves more destitute. As though their present misfortunes, their miserly life and unhappiness were not sufficient to bring them to desperation. As though they expected to form their life out of my empty words. And they never ventured to think that one's future is worked out by himself, by his vulgar thoughts and rotten conscience. They are trying painfully to pursue an unknown and unexistent quantity and prefer to open themselves their own wounds and leave them unattended until their flesh becomes putrified and their souls the same, instead of accepting a tolerable happiness that purifies."

With a trembling hand she poked the fire and kept silent for a little while.

"Who is now aware of the beauty of the soul, since life offers him all his desires and all kinds of lust? Who is ever looking into himself to see that selfishness has formed him into a spiritual spectre? They all want to follow their own way and then blame a Shadow for the causes of their misfortune. All their actions are governed by meaness and individualism. Ignorance gives birth to pride and develops into the bigotry of Self. The mice that are fed off the rubbish of human greediness live with the instinct of a happy life but men, who have discovered in themselves a grain of the immortal spirit that wanders in the universe, try to transform it into poison and diffuse it into the oxygen and thus produce a poisoned atmosphere in which to be drowned when they try to breathe and curse the Almighty and condemn it as ungrateful and heartless for having failed to purify what they themselves have fouled. I have seen many of them raising their bloodshot eyes to curse God in an evil language and shaking their fists to heaven. What for?"

"These questions I put to myself as I passed by and received their kicks as though I was a mad bitch. What could they do to the Almighty they cursed? If ever anyone should try to think of it he should go crazy. Because the Expanse is stretched more infinite and more vast than the eternity. Our world, a lump of soil in the Invisible,—an insignificant atom within the numberless worlds that follow their own orbits,—gives life to worms only to spit on the purple of the Great, that smile through red lips, the smile of pity for the threats of the dwarfs, for the threads of a mind that cannot grasp the harmonies of the Unknown."

"I, the Gipsy, the spectre of the time that passed over me, have seen all these and, frightened, I sought to depart for the eternal trip, but physical laws have kept me a slave on this earth."

A frown appeared on her sunburnt face and the reddish flames threw upon it a thousand strange reflections.

The three men looked at her in deep silence, afraid to breath. The oldest of the three spoke suddenly.

"How can you, a gipsy, supposed illiterate, talk like that?"

"It was in a day that I have become such,—before I was something different,—but strange loves work miracles and the impossible."

She stopped abruptly. She uttered no other word.

Upon the walls the black shadows played like wandering ghosts. Gradually the lids of the three men closed. Their heads dropped on their breasts by shear fatigue and drowsiness.

With eyes fixed on the fire the old gipsy now murmured as though addressing the creaking logs in a strange language.

Outside the rain had stopped.

Greek Art

ZEUS THROWING THE THUNDERBOLT

The Supreme Ruler of the Universe as conceived by the Greeks during the more mature period of their artistic development.

THE WRESTLERS

(Famous Greek Statue of the 3rd Century B. C.)

THREE POEMS

By ZOE KARELLI
(Translated from the Greek)

1.

THE CHILD WHO HEARS THE SILENCE SPEAK

I heard.
Before this I had only seen
human presences move,
the limbs of their bodies moving,
be silent or speak.
I saw their different eyes,
their indifferent glances.
They, who were at my side,
don't know, how I heard their faces
and suffered, as I heard their movements,
which they did not hide from me;
I had no voice,
they did not hear me,
and did not fear me.
Lord, forgive Thy men,
they know not what they do,
when they go one against the other,
when one goes near the other.
I often wished to hide,
for I was afraid , and could not,
so much I desired
to speak my silence,
to call them to hear it,
let them see it and be then quiet.
They shouldn't any more wound
each other, with all their movements,
each move on their faces
shouldn't show such pain.
I saw them and couldn't say,
how I loved them for all,
suffering and hate,
which torture their beautiful bodies,
their alive faces.
Why do they push each other?
Why do they move menacing their hands?
Why do glances threaten?
Why do eyes fear and hide so deep,
that they cannot see,
they don't see and for ever
disappear the beautiful human eyes.
I saw and longed to tell the others
to be quiet and quieten the others
around me so that their bodies
should cease to suffer.
I wished to find the talk,
that they could understand
to appease the sin,
which chastises them and hinders them
to love each other.
I sat in church, on the bench,
with people around me,
I entreated to hear the golden light
and the voices of the faces around me
and the rich colours,
names, that all things around
would sound, I wished to speak
with contrition and pain,
I wished to hear my hearing,
to speak my talk with these,
who likewise with me, around me
didn't know and couldn't understand
my silence and pain.
A shadow of resplendent whiteness
bent near me and touched me
on the mouth.
I spoke, I heard.
O divine human voice,
brilliant human talk,
melodious singing.
The words rushed on me
with wonderful rushing, dashed
the voices, the human talking
knocked deep on my soul;
In me fought speech with the silence,
In me deeply I understood
the awe of the being,
what my soul claimed with pain,
unpossible the talk with my brothers.
I opened my lips, spoke
and could not sustain my new knowing
of fight with my brothers.
I stooped down and died.

2.

IMAGINATION OF THE EGO

Then the steps of time
cease and the silence
becomes sometimes terrible
and sinister; darkness
full of meaning, thick
fatality inevitable.
Or it clears and appears,
reveals itself substance of light
infinite, the purest, diaphanous,
so light, the lightest,
that thou cannst not
there also stand; as thou art
illuminated suddenly, sharply,
thou burnst with light,
in the moment of quiet,
when time stands
and the luminous silence expects,
time stands and expects,
becoming the sense of inexistence.

3.

THE TEMPTED

Lord, I desire Thy sight,
when shalt Thou close mine eyes?
I long, shut in myself,
to see only Thee.
when shalt Thou seal up my hearing?
Then I wish to hear only Thee,
excluded from every
ephemeral voice.
Away from me odour of life,
breath which confuses my mind.
Still I demand it and it hinders me,
voluptuously, insidiously it disperses me.
Talk of life is in my taste,
when shall it be fulfilled
with my Lord's word?
communion's reward for obedience,
which pays every effort.
Feeling, touch, material affirmation,
perfidious, avid comfort,
pride of my body, desire,
could I cease to obey you . . .
Lord only death will appease me,
Thy answer, Thy call
to my calling and request.
When shall the light come upon me?
to see and to hear, to feel
and to taste peace.
Shall never Thy world's appeasement
sustain, support me?

PHI KAPPA PHI — ARTEMIS HELLENIC SOCIETY OF HUNTER COLLEGE, N. Y.

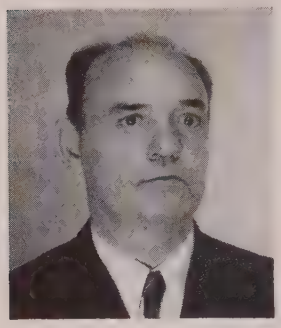
First Row, left to right: Martha Karathanasis, Chrissie Peters, Evangeline Doucarellis, Elizabeth Doucarellis, Helen Tseas, Georgia Zografos. Second Row: Malamo Courniotis, Mary Matchianiotis, Despina Ploussios, Bertha Leventy, Sophie Canellos, Thersa Fatseas, Soultana Koch, Esther Chagaris. Third Row: Stella Harlan, Mary Demetrakis, Christina Comninel, Alice Mookas, Aphrodite Ganos, Helen Kanganis, Mary Rocko, Yiota Karayiani, Vasiliki Katsivelou. Fourth Row: Helen Gochis, Helen Loukaides, Nike Maoury, Kay Fatseas, Olgo Panaghiotou, Urania Patsuris, Mary Bardasis, Irene Karras, Aspasia Andrews, Helen Raptis, Helen Carras, Toula Polychroni.

MODERN GREEK LEGENDS

The Flame of Life

By THEODORE GIANNAKOULIS

The wind stirred, and the quince trees trembled in the garden. Shadows moved, and the door was pushed ajar by an unseen hand,—the hand of him before whom all doors open. He entered for he was Charontas, who roams the land, and enters cities and hamlets, the castles of the rich and the huts of the poor alike. In his invisible train he drives the young men ahead of him and drags the old men behind him, and the little children he gathers up in a row on the saddle of his dark stallion. He does not heed the souls that weep nor the souls that cry. Who does not know him? but the mother who bent over her pale and motionless child did not know him, nor did she recognize him one among the shadows. Thinking him a neighbor, she barely whispered:



"There is no mirth in his eyes and no laughter on his lips. My child hasn't smiled in three days."

But Charontas is deaf and dumb and did not hear her, nor did he see her, for he is blind, nor did he care, for he is heartless; nay, the very hand of God has plucked the heart out of him. By the manner he fumbled his way to the cradle, the mother realized that there was a blind stranger in her house. She sprang to her feet and cried:

"Who are you?" but he did not answer. She grasped at what appeared to be a form, but it was only a shadow. She groped in the darkness and to her amazement she found nothing in the cradle but her child's toys and clothes. Frantic, the mother ran to the door and reached out, but can a shadow be caught, can the wind be held back? Where did he go? She called after him: "Cruel, give me my child." There was no answer, and there was no sign of him in the paths and crossroads. But she thought she heard anguished voices from the mountainpeaks, strange, unearthly voices, and she thought she saw a shadowy form on the winding path lingering with the train of the dead. Did he stop and turn? Did he nod, beckoning her to follow? Was it the shrill voices of the souls that he was dragging, or was it the wind moaning in the pines that she was hearing? She did not know. She shuddered as she stood there among the shadows, confused, listening. Again she thought she heard weird voices. She called and called again, but there was no answer. Quickening her steps, she struggled to the cliff. How long it took her she did not know. But now she could see the stars like countless lighted oil-lamps hung in the clear sky. And when she did see the stars something woke and spoke in her and her lips moved in a silent prayer. Out of the vast immensity she seemed to hear a voice:

"Take the path of stones and thorns and walk along the rim of night." She took the path of stones and thorns and she walked along the rim of night.

Pricked by thorns and cut by stones, her feet bled and her frail body was bruised against tree trunks, but she was a mother and her heart was strong and steadfast. She did not stop until she reached the peak from which she could see the hillslopes and terraced plateaus of Arcadia, wrapped in silver blissfulness. A full moon tipped the almond and quince trees with silver. She could scarcely recognize the village and her house. Night was crowding all around her. Faint voices drifted in the balmy air perfumed with sage and wildflowers. Ghostly figures were outlined in the opal moonlight as she stood with blurred eyes scanning the paths and crossroads. Nowhere could she make out the figure of Charontas with her child.

Stars, myriads upon myriads hung above and all around her and shone brightly like lighted oil-lamps. They seemed so near, so near that she could almost touch them with her hand. Oh, she would tread upon them if she went on to find her child. As she lingered there, not knowing what to do, she beheld a huge figure outlined against the star-spanned sky. Was it Charontas? Did it nod, beckoning her? To her amazement she realized that the vast immensity was bridged by a silver shaft of starlight. She stepped upon this bridge trying it with her foot, and realized that it would hold. She felt her way, and miraculously the light withstood long enough for her to walk across.

In the firmament countless stars like hanging lighted oil-lamps shone brightly above and all around, and she felt one with infinity. How long she roamed she did nor know, nor could she remember. Deep, eternal silence reigned about her and within her as she walked the star strewn paths. The place appeared strange and unearthly. She came to the crossroads and sat down upon a stone. Before her very eyes a gorgeously flowering tree grew up, with buds and delicate tendrils all about her as if wrought against eternity. Only as in a dream now she recalled the Chronos Tree, the blossoming tree of life, of which her Yaya had more than once spoken to her when she was a child. Here it was in front of her. She gazed at it in wonder. Golden, transparent leaves spread

like burnished moons, huge amber starblossoms hung in its quivering boughs. It seemed as if it had been rooted in the earth-meadows and spread its branches deep, deep in the infinite.

Swarms of ethereal figures hovered about the burgeoning tree. Sunflowers and moonleaves and star-lamps glimmered in the opal light. Voices, some deep-toned and metallic, and others like golden bells, rang echoing and reechoing. Multitudes of invisible wings brushed past her. Rows upon rows of winged angelic forms stood shining in silent blissfulness. She forgot for a moment the earth and was dreaming beneath the eternally burgeoning Chronos-tree, when suddenly she remembered her child.

She sank to the ground and sobbed. Her sobs rocked the firmament, and her tears flowed freely to the earth. She felt a hand on her shoulder, gentle and light as wind, and, rising, beheld a figure beckoning her to follow. She obeyed, and they walked beneath the tree of life. Looking all around, the mother beheld on golden boughs and tendrils countless oil-lamps hung like stars.

Oil-lamps of all patterns and all shapes and sizes like those she had seen in the church of Panagia (the Virgin) in her village, only more beautiful and more exquisitely wrought. Oh, there were rows upon rows of them, hung like stars from the fragile boughs of the Chronos tree. Their leaping flames all merged into one mighty flame at times, and then separated and shone out distinct again. Some of the lamps were brimming full with oil, their flames amber-bright leaping against eternity; others were half-full; some were nearly empty with only few drops of oil left, and still countless others totally empty, flameless and lifeless. Some flickered and snuffed out as she watched them; smoking wicks were everywhere. All the mystery and relentless stillness dazed her, and she stopped abruptly at a point among three oil-lamps as if irresistibly drawn by them. She gazed at them and lovingly put out her hand to touch them. "Would you want a life ended? Would you take a life by spilling the oil which gives the flame of life? Do not touch them," her quide commanded. Startled, the mother drew back her hand, but held her body rigid.

"Each lamp you see here is a life, and each flame, the flame of life. When the oil is burnt out to its very last drop and the wick is giving off smoke, the flame of life passes to the eternal light and becomes one with and a part of that light. None is lost; it is the will of God;" and the figure pointed to one of the three oil-lamps which was flameless with the wick not even smoking.

"This lamp is your husband's. Its flame has passed into eternal light and . . ." Before he could finish, the mother came near and touched one near her husband's. It was almost empty, its flame flickering pale and weak.

"Do not touch it," he warned. "It belongs to your child. It is almost empty, and its faint flame is passing into the oneness of the eternal light, and never again shall it be perceived as a whole. It is the will of God."

Near the child's oil-lamp, the mother reached out toward the third lamp, half-full.

"Do not touch it," again the voice commanded. "Do you want to spill the oil and take your own life? It is your oil-lamp."

"Mine?" the mother murmured.

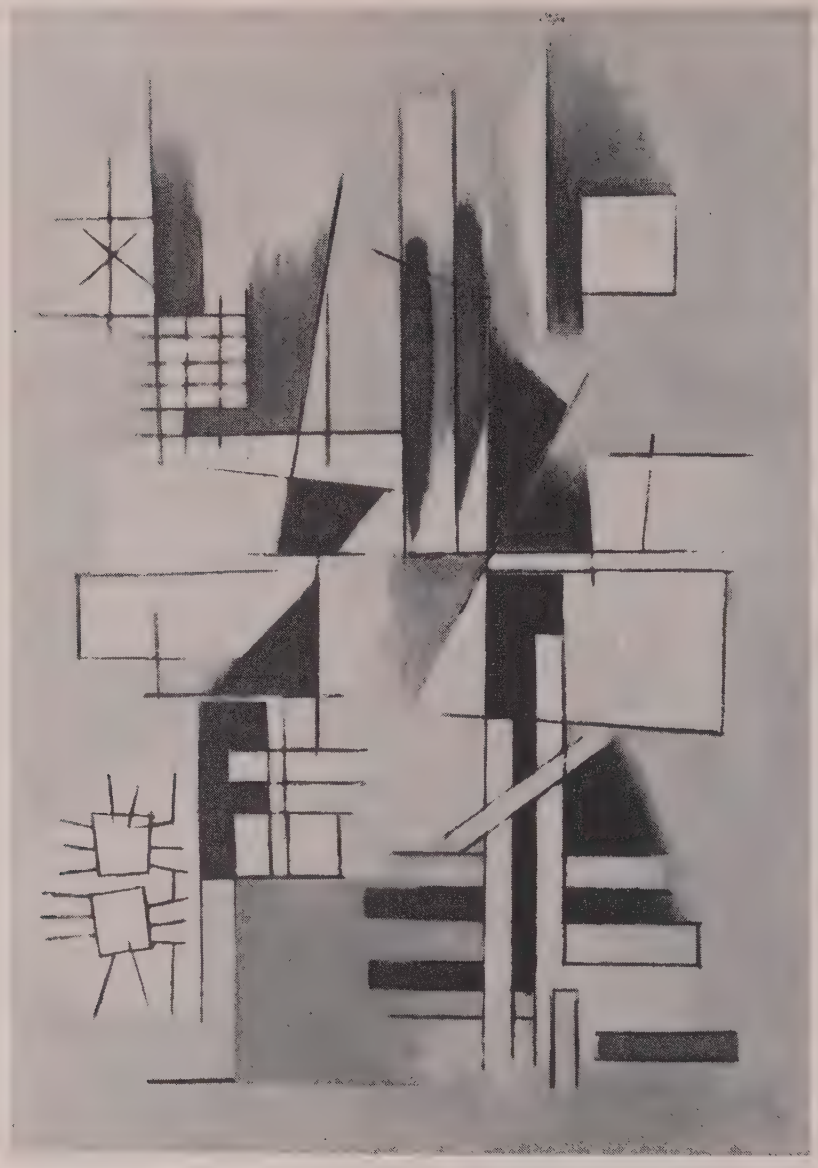
"Yours."

Then the mother quickly turned the oil from her lamp into that of her child. The figure stepped forward and grasped her arm, but more than half of the oil from her lamp was already emptied into her child's. "It is not for you nor for anyone else to act contrary to the will of God," he remonstrated, but while he spoke, the flame in the child's oil-lamp quickened and became brighter and brighter. Making the sign of the cross, the mother stammered: "God forgive me." Out of the Chronos tree Charontas appeared and stood before them speechless with a child in his arms. The mother did not recognize him, but she knew her child's dawn-like face and recognized its heavenly smile and put out her arms to embrace it. Speechless Charontas placed it in them. The joy that only mothers know was hers, and she looked for her guide and Charontas to thank them. They had disappeared. Were they real? She did not know. She only knew that her child was in her arms and that it was smiling again. She held it securely as she walked across the star-meadows with tears of joy flowing from her eyes.

All night she roamed the peaks of Arcadia from path to path and crossroad to crossroad under the burgeoning Chronos tree. Her tears of joy dropped on the slumbering earth and on the wildflowers of the hills and the meadows. The sage and grass and drowsing flower petals gleamed as with precious jewels.

At dawn when the people of Arcadia woke and went into their gardens and their fields, they found everything studded with jewel-like drops. On the flower petals and tree blossoms, even on the flower pots of the balconies, the royal-mint, geraniums and carnations, dew-drops gleamed like jewels. To this day dew on flowers is "mother's tears" and they will not touch it until they have made the sign of the cross three times.

A GROUP OF TEACHERS FROM
ANATOLIA COLLEGE, SALONICA, GREECE



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RADIANT 1949

Jean Xceron

Oil 32x22

FIVE ARTISTS

The five Greek-American painters represented in this issue are not strangers to Athene readers. In their own field each one has won laurels nationally and in an international sense, and they are still tops in the world of art.

JOHN XCERON whose paintings and style have been consistently praised everywhere, is according to the New York Times (June 18, 1950) "One of the best of the abstract painters . . . the paint is lovingly applied, with subtle variations, which makes every inch of these canvases alive.

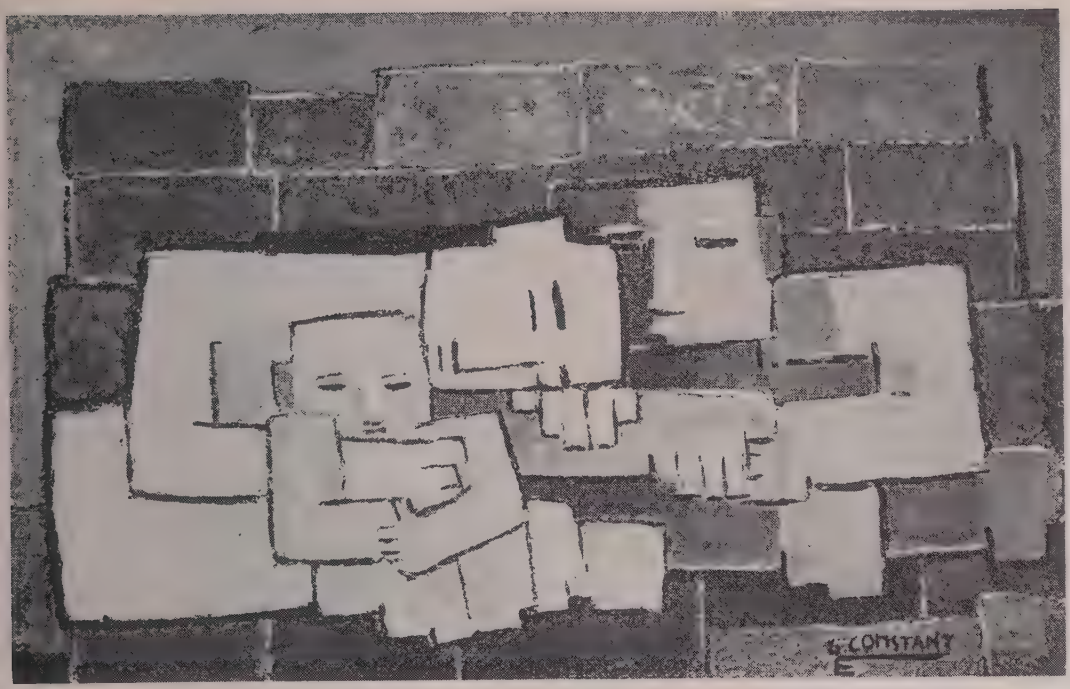
"These paintings are built on linear structures so carefully worked out that they have the power of inevitability, and the areas of color and modulations seem to grow so directly from the dictation of the dominating skeletons that the paintings have exraordinary unity."

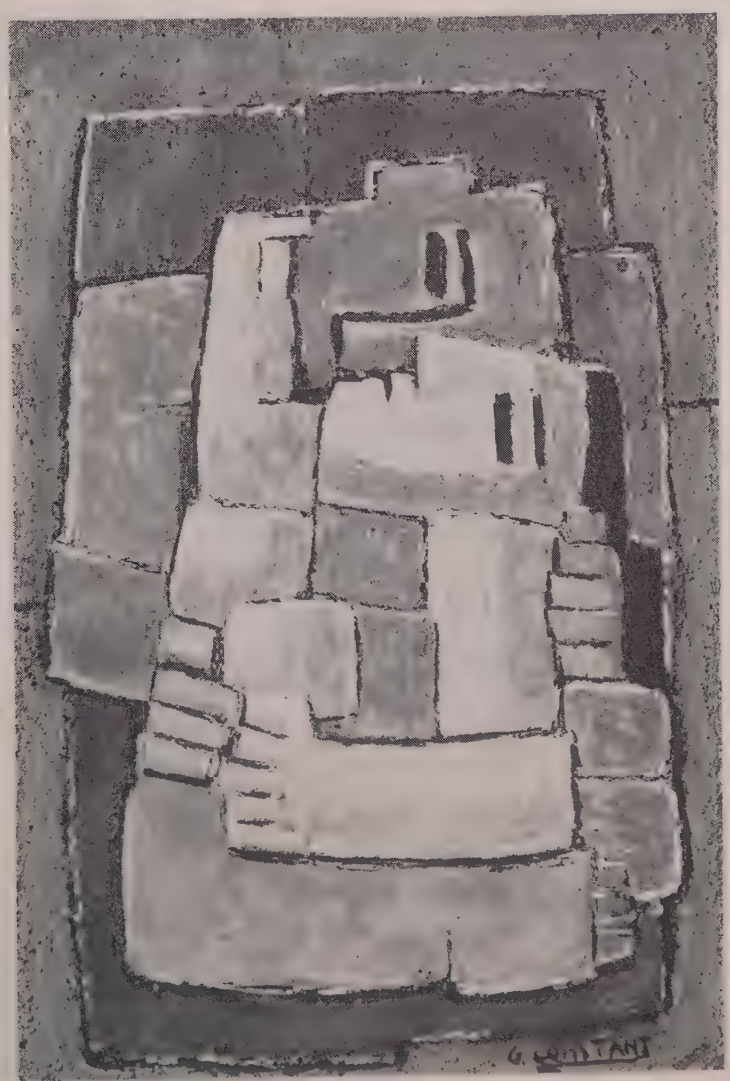
Xceron is represented with two paintings in this issues: "Radiant" above and "Multiform" on page 21.

GEORGE CONSTANT is without doubt one of the masters of the contemporary movement in art. His reputation too is international and canvases of his have been purchased by many museums and are to be found in collections all over the country. From Pompei, Italy, David Burluik had this to say about Constant, February last:

"The name of George Constant is associated with the most modern advanced forms in the art of the New World. Day by day we are able to see his indefatigable inventive work, his perpetual study and analysis of Natura, for George Constant to study Natura means the discoveryy of unknown forms of expression on the paths of the abyrinths of life."

(See Page 31)





Above:

CON AMOR

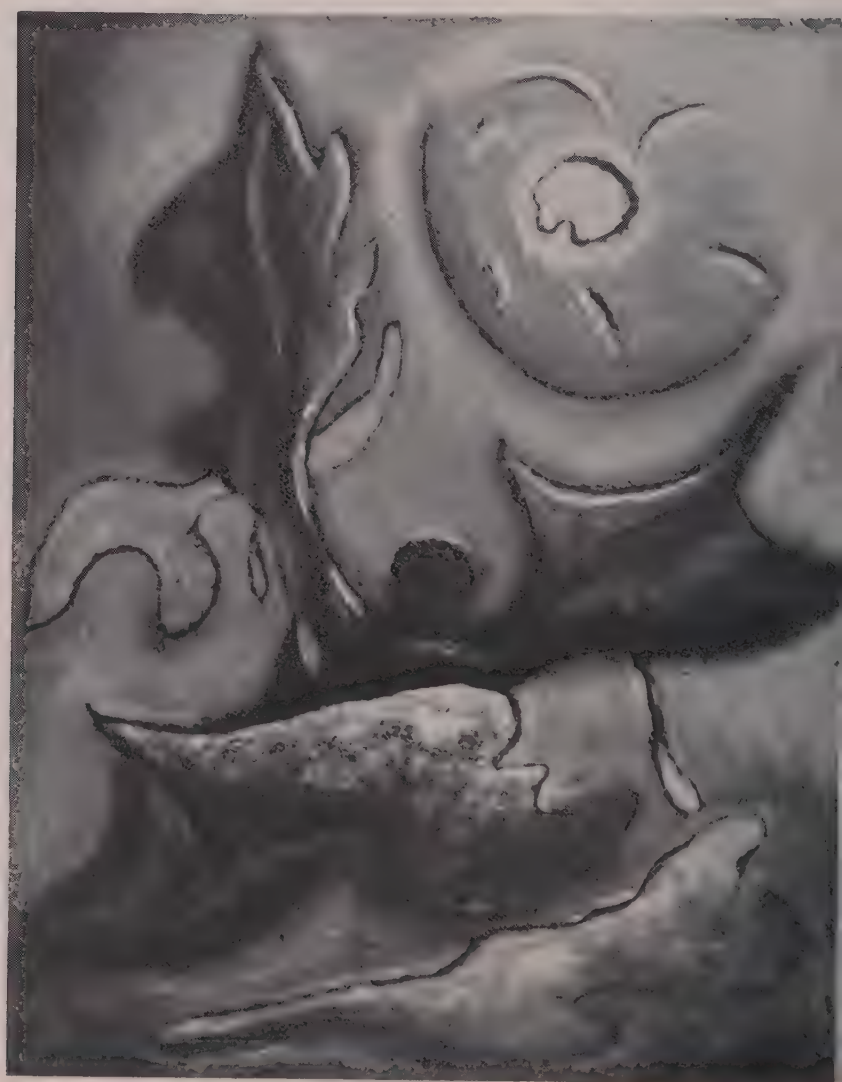
George Constant

●

Right:

THE FAMILY

George Constant



Above:

DESIRE

Nassos Daphnis

●

Right:

ICARUS

Nassos Daphnis

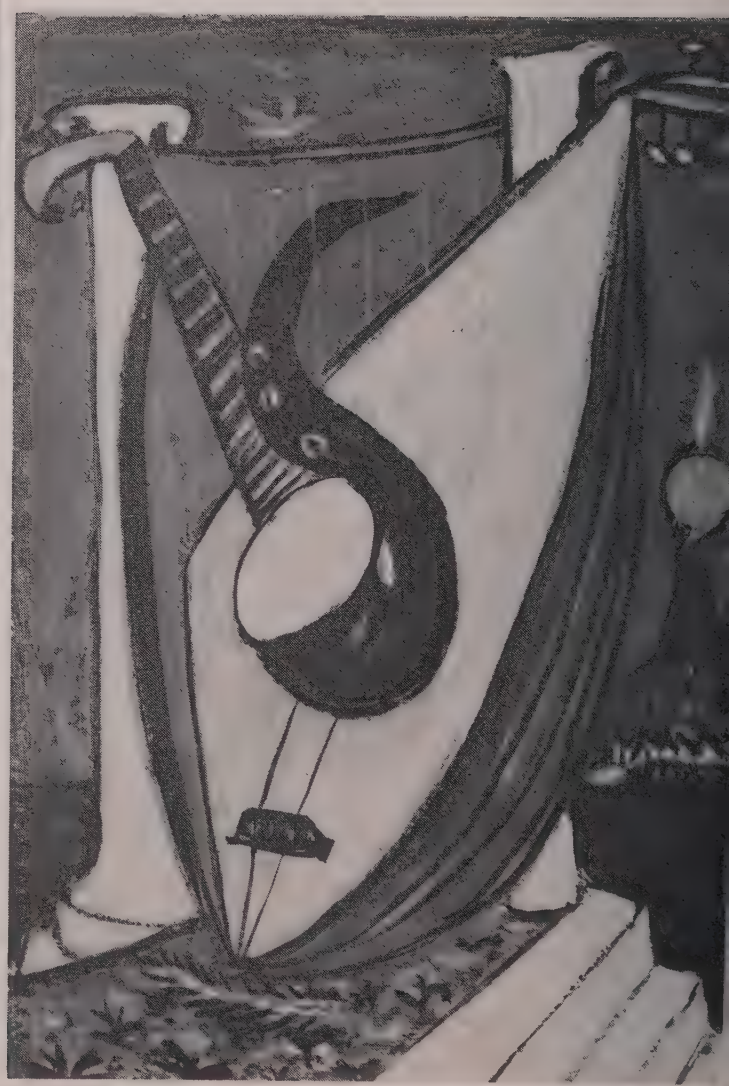
Both at Contemporary Arts

PHINX

Michael Lekakis

om Whitney Museum of
merican Art Annual, 1950

MUSICAL GLOS
Theo. Hios



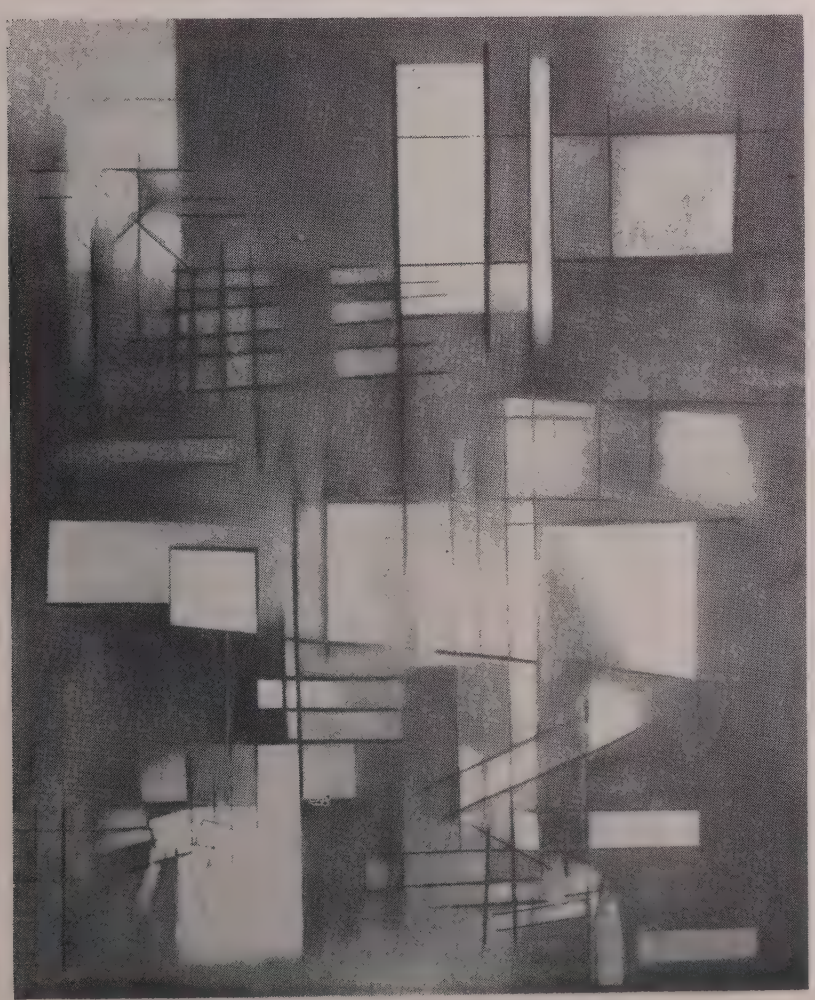
THE LIGHT OF PROMETHEUS
Theo. Hios

Mr. Constant is represented with two works on page 17.

NASSIS DAPHNIS' work has appeared in several Athene issues. Our readers are familiar with the powerful and intriguing style of this painter which has impressed critics here and abroad. "Should you try to define Nassos Daphnis, it would be difficult to say whether he is a painter or poet or an explorer with all the highest artistic meanings that the word could imply." Thus Denis Chevalier starts his encomium about this artist and he continues: "As an explorer Daphnis possesses the tireless curiosity, the abundance of spirit and the freshness of feeling facing every manifestation of the wonderful." In this preface of his somewhat extended appreciation the Frenchman summed up the main elements of Daphnis' art. Daphnis just returned from a succesful show in Paris. His two splendid contributions for this issue are on page 18.

Born in Sparta, Greece, THEO. HIOS has been acclaimed as an outstanding contemporary American artist who, as the Art Digest observed recently, has enriched the current movement "by his imaginative treatment of men and animals." His color is rich and vibrant, and his symbols link the past with the present. His recent one man show at the Contemporary Arts gallery has been a great success.

MICHAEL LEKAKIS, as Athene readers know already, is both a poet and an artist. His sculptures have evoked a widespread interest in America and not without reason. They are unique in their architectural and geometric dynamism, and they present a fresh point of view which critics were careful to note ever since Lekakis began exhibiting some 15 years ago. His painting too, is noteworthy. His Sphinx on page 19 was exhibited in Whitney's and was reproduced in Art periodicals and in the New York Times.



MULTIFORM

Jean Xceron

Oil 39x50

Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the Fascinating Story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

CHAPTER XIII

FAITH

On account of the earthquake, the schools were late in opening. It seemed inadvisable for me to change back from French to Greek, so I did not resume my studies at the Zappeion, but enrolled in one of the private French schools which prepared one to take a degree from Paris.

A friend who years before had nourished aspirations like mine, but had married to please her mother, took me to her heart. I was to make my home with her, and in exchange to help with the education of the children. Yet the despair of youth became my daily companion. Constantinople seemed narrower than ever. And those active weeks of the earthquake made settling down to learning from books seem utterly futile —much I imagine as soldiers feel in adjusting themselves to peace. And after my two glorious years in Paris it was hard to relinquish the larger life for this stagnant atmosphere where thought withered away.

The repression of the spy system had not been so noticeable to me before. Now it seemed as if people had become even more reticent in their talk. My few acquaintances who had lived abroad never dared discuss any public affairs even remotely connected with Turkey. I felt stifled. How could I extricate myself and become free—free as I had been in France? To a book-worm like me the lack of libraries was harder to endure than anything else. The glorious ability to walk into a spacious building and gaze upon rows and rows of books, containing knowledge to be imbibed if one took them into one's hand and opened them, was now only a memory—a mirage. The refuge of concert and opera was lacking; and no theatres enabled one to exchange one's gloomy thoughts for the gay and witty ones of the stage.

Before going to Paris our backwardness had not troubled me as it did now. I could see no goal for myself. The only avenues open to women of my race were marrying, or teaching in the Greek schools—an underpaid and overcrowded profession. It was a meagre outlook for one who had envisaged boundless horizons.

In my new school, among the conglomeration of Armenians, Jews, French, Germans, and Greeks, there doubtless were some who craved for the things I did. But we never came in touch with each other. We had no intellectual societies, no debating clubs. We went from one class to another, and then back to our homes.

In November an event occurred to disturb our lethargic society. Alexander III, whose sending of the Russian fleet to Toulon had caused France to blossom out into the garden of French and Russian flags which had reassured us all with the conviction that our France could now rest secure and happy in the arms of the Giant of the North, lay dead in the Crimean palace I had seen when first I went to Sebastopol. Alexander had seemed to have so many years of life before him that people had not thought much about his heir, Nicholas, who now had become of such supreme importance to all of Europe. What endless discussions we should have had in Paris on this subject; but when I ventured to say to a fellow student in our history class something about this, she replied guardedly: "Why should we be interested in Russia's new ruler?"

A letter written on the day after Alexander's death reached me from Paris, filled with the anxiety of the French. They were especially alarmed because the new czar was to marry Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, who, though the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, was essentially German. My friend wondered whether her influence would be strong enough to alienate the new czar from France. The death of Alexander had brought not only mourning but fear to France.

Because I had known Achilles, the personality of this new czar seemed all important. Would he be autocratic and reactionary, like his father, or would he follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, the liberator, who had been assassinated on the eve of his great reform?

Anxiously I waited to get hold of the French newspapers. Our own were not allowed to print anything worth reading. The French newspapers came in the diplomatic pouches, and sooner or later the **Temps** would reach me. When it did, I could sense the deep disquiet in France. Our own papers described the lengthy funeral procession from the Crimea to St. Petersburg, and later the marriage ceremony and the coronation of Nicholas II. They did not, however, mention what the superstitious considered a portentous omen, that at the coronation, his highest decoration fell from Nicholas's breast to the ground. Nor the very real calamity that the throng of peasants who came to view the coronation were crowded together in a field cut up with ditches for military purposes, and that about two thousand of them were crushed to death in these ditches.

The French ambassador, in view of this tragic occurrence, inquired whether he should not give up the ball he had planned for the same evening, but was told to go on with it. And the next day, in the field where the peasants had died, the festal pigeon-shoot was not postponed, and the bodies of

the peasants were carted out from the rear entrances, while the equipages of the nobles were driving in through the front.

Altogether, Nicholas the Second's reign had an inauspicious beginning.

The newspapers of Turkey, naturally, mentioned none of these happenings. Indeed Russia, being Turkey's premier enemy, was accorded little space in the press, as if she, like progress, could be ignored into inoccuousness. The newspapers soon stopped writing about Russia altogether, but I kept on pondering what the advent of the new czar would mean to the Plekhanov movement and to Achilles.

Had it not been for the foreign post offices we should have been entirely cut off from the world. The newspapers which reached us through them had a value no newspapers in a free country possess. I had to read them quickly, so that they might be lent to others. Thus I got into the habit of reading at night, in bed. My sleeping hours were shortened, which was harmful to my health and made me despondent. This period remains one of the bitterest of my life, though doubtless the trial was good for me. Young people need such suffering to give the timber of their characters its patina. But I had no philosophy then, and ill endured this apprenticeship to life. Except for the friendship and understanding of my host and hostess I might have been crushed.

Moreover the sybarite in me which craved luxury at times got the upper hand. Then I would betake myself to Djimlah for the week end. In her great **koniak** the sordidness of a moneyless world never entered. Amid the turmoil of my mind it puzzled me that with all my ideals and aspirations I should tolerate this other self, and enjoy the life she craved. The word "escapist" had not then been invented, but what I really did in visiting Djimlah was to escape from the realities of life. In her house we spent hours in the bath, were scrubbed and massaged by trained attendants. We ate rich food, and we slept. We reclined on hard sofas, listening to story-tellers and singers, munched sweets and drank sherbets. Then we ate and drank some more.

It was a thoroughly purposeless life, and after satiating the sybarite in me till she lay dormant, I returned to my hard life of study with alacrity, and worked harder than ever—like a sinner expatiating his sin. As a matter of fact I could not have endured this life of ease for more than a week. Hard work, even discontent, became pleasant by comparison.

Had I been satisfied with what I was getting out of my studies, there would have been more light in the darkness; but my classes were not even a pale imitation of the lectures in Paris. The talks at the Sunday Club were still a bright spot, but now I could detect the lack of sponteneity in the speakers. The dread lest some one in the audience should report what they said to the censor, made the speakers keep a tight rein on their words.

As for the theatre, how could it be otherwise than poor? Every play had to be submitted to the censor, who cut out any passage that seemed to him to cast doubt on the perfection of the Turkish regime. Not long before, a noted French actor had come to give Molière's **l'Avare**. Half an hour before the curtain was to go up he was forbidden to appear, because the censor considered that Molière had caricatured the sultan.

All books imported from France had also to be submitted to the censor, who kept them until he made up his mind whether or not there were any anti-autocractic germs in them. Even Larousse's French dictionary always had the letter "T" torn from the binding, before it was allowed to be sold in Constantinople.

I had set myself a course of historical reading, and denied myself everything in order to buy the books I needed—much to the disgust of my mother, who could understand denying oneself to obtain something nice to wear—but for books! However, I managed to learn more by myself than I did in school. And because I was eager to share what I learned, people welcomed me to their homes, saying I brought sunshine with me—I, who was all darkness inside.

This capacity for making friends saved my books from the censor. The first time I returned from Paris my books were all confiscated. I went to see an influential man about it. He became my friend, and got my books back. He told me to write to him, whenever I came from abroad, and he would meet me at the custom-house.

There, when my trunks were opened, he would put his hand on the shoulder of the Turkish examiner and say: "She is a mad child, who likes to read. These books are tales from Nostradim Hodja." [The humorous popular philosopher of the Turks.]

The examiner would smile, too, and pat my books through the customs.

Now that I was staying in Constantinople, and buying all the books I could save money for, I always had them sent to this man, and thus they never fell into the hands of the censor.

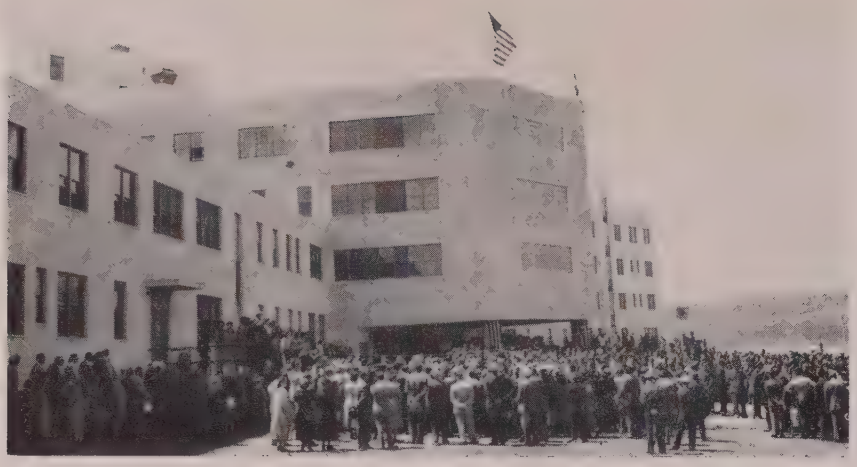
The month of December was very severe, and there is nothing meaner than a mean winter in Constantinople. January came in laden with rain, and mud became our portion. When the rain held up, the wind blew down on us from the Black Sea, like a menace from Russia.

Overworked, and short of sleep, I felt pinched and shrunken in my warm overcoat. On the second day of February, pains made their appearance in my chest, and I decided to visit Djimlah the coming week end—not alone to please the Sybarite, but in the hope that hot baths, massage, and rest would relieve me of my pains.

On Wednesday I awoke with a violent fit of coughing, which brought about a hemorrhage. I lighted the candle and sat on the edge of my bed, contemplating the disaster. Fortunately the funny side of it came to me, as I remembered my seventh birthday, and how Sophie had rushed from my room, screaming: "She has it. It has got her!"

But had it got me this time? Carefully I washed my mouth and face, and removed the blood-stains from my pillow as well as I could.

(Continued on Page 36)



PANARCADIAN HOSPITAL, TRIPOLIS GREECE. Symbolic Dedication ceremonies on May 21, 1950, bring to the grounds tens of thousands Arcadians and other Poloponesians to admire this 250-bed ultra modern hospital, one of the best equipped in the world. The American Flag on top of the Hospital has flown over the U. S. Capitol in Washington and was secured by our own James Mezilson through Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. The Greek flag was presented by the Supreme President, Arthur H. Peponis.

Official Greece Honors Panarcadians From America

PEPONIS PRAISED FOR LEADERSHIP

The Panarcadian Pilgrimage to Greece which left on April 28th was the most important post war excursion to historic Hellas by American-Greeks, and judging from the things it accomplished it brought America closer to Greece and strengthened the spiritual ties which traditionally bind the two people. For we must not forget that the Panarcadians went to Greece on a mission that is highminded and humanitarian. Furthermore the Greek people and particularly the people of the Peloponnesus have learnel to evaluate the great hospital which the Panarcadian Federation of America originally conceived and which was built with the cooperation of the Greek War Relief, the assistance of the ECA mission and the American and Greek governments, not as something made of brick and stone, but as an expression of gratitude to the gallant Greek nation for its fight during World Wars I and II and for its victorious struggle against communism and for

The Supreme President of the Panarcadian Federation of America Mr. Arthur H. Peponis addressing the crowds during dedication ceremonies on Hospital grounds. Wm. Vasilopoulos and Peter Athas members of the Hospital Committee are on the left of Mr. Peponis while Tom Valos also of the Committee is on his immediate right.

Mr. Peponis and the leaders
(L to R) Peter Athas of Utah, Su
of Athens; Peter Haste of Bedford,
reme President; Thomas Valos and

HONORING TH

Interpreting the sentiments
Panarcadian Federation, Mr. Arthur
soldier in Athens to lay a wreath,
"Reverently we lay this wreath as
of our motherland who laid down
the whole world. Proud of this
that we shall keep the patriotic to
memory."

the preservation of the tra
rights of men to be free
Arcadians and non-Arcadian
arcadian Hospital Fund. F
become a reality without
William Helis who headed
will be always remembered
patriotic members of the

From the moment the
the various committees for
committee was all inclusive.
representative of the mayo
Arcadian societies, the rep
Dr. Haven, representing the
to welcome the excursionists

dition visit King Paul of Greece. the Federation; Elias Drymonas Greece; Arthur H. Peponis, Sup- leading Chicago Arcadians.

OF GREECE

the Supreme President of the the monument of the unknown voices the following invocation: rude to you the unknown heroes te its liberty and the liberty of give you this solemn promise or ever we shall perpetuate your

and Christianity and the how the thousands of contributed to the Pan- dream would never have of such men as the late nittee and whose memory ood deeds, and the other ital Fund Committee.

Piraeus the machinery of was set in motion. The mayor of Piraeus and the representatives of all the ne various ministries and sy, they boarded the ship ng speeches of the mayor

(Continued on Page 28)

THE OFFICIAL FEDERATION BANQUET AT THE GRAND BRETTAGNE HOTEL, ATHENS GREECE. Photo taken at the moment. Mr. Peponis was reading King Paul's greetings to the Panarcadian Federation excursionists. To be noticed at the speakers table are (sixth from the right) Dr. Haven assistant to the Charge D'affair at the American Embassy. Mrs. Arthur H. Peponis; Lt. General Van Fleet, U. S. military adviser in the war against the guerrillas; Mrs. C. Tsaldaris; Mr. Peponis, speaking; Mrs. Van Fleet and Mr. Gontikas, President of the Greek Parliament.

Carrying their flags and emblems the officials of the Arcadian Societies of Athens and Piraeus welcome the President Mr. Peponis and his fellow excursionists as they land from the boat.

Prominent Panarcadians and their wives are received by the Queen of Greece Frederika; (L to R) James Stathopoulos of Denver Colo.; Elias Drymonas of Athens; Arthur H. Peponis; Peter Athas of Utah; Queen Frederika; Mrs. Peter Athas; Mrs. Arthur H. Peonis; Mrs. William Vasilopoulos; and Mr. William Vasilopoulos of Chicago.

The 100 Years of American Express

Ten years ago, a lean wiry Greek walked into the American Express office in Athens. He had the trim physique and springy stride of a mountain climber, but that morning his feet dragged and his gait was listless. Furrows of worry creased his brow and his grey eyes were troubled as he asked Manager J. R. Gordon, "Can American Express possibly arrange to get me passage to America?"

The Greece he sought to leave that June morning in 1940 was a restive nation. Periodic invasion scares kept the populace at a fever pitch of excitement. Two neighboring powers, Rumania and Bulgaria, already had fallen to the German armies which were sweeping over Europe in the most ruthless war in history. Greece herself was fated to be overrun by the Wehrmacht in less than six months.

Anxiously, the man waited for the answer to his question, but his drooping shoulders and hopeless eyes revealed that he already knew what it would be.

"No," Mr. Gordon told him, "the last ship bound for America is leaving Greece this after-

This modern office building on Carageorgi of Serbia St., No. 2 Constitution Square, houses American Express facilities in Athens. The first office was opened in Athens February 27, 1921.

noon, but it's been booked beyond capacity for weeks in advance. I'm sorry, but there's absolutely nothing we can do."

But even though the ship, the American Export Lines' "Excalibur", was at the moment getting up steam for its run through the Mediterranean, the man lingered in the office. To him the American Express represented his last hope of getting to America. He silently prayed for a providential intervention that would get him aboard the ship.

The afternoon dragged on. The fortunate holders of tickets hurried up the Excalibur's gangplank, worn and haggard by the tensions and fears that rippled through Greece, and anxious to escape the inevitable German occupation.

While he waited, the man reminisced about his first visit to the United States four years before. . . He remembered the admiration he had felt for this country's democratic freedom which, by contrast with the restrictions of the Metaxas regime then ruling Greece, seemed even more desirable to him that afternoon . . . His thoughts dwelled fondly on the enthusiastic ovations with which Americans had received his performances in Boston, Mass. . .

At odd moments during the long afternoon he chatted with Mr. Gordon. "I suppose there won't

Touring Grecian ruins always has been popular with American sailors having duty in the Mediterranean. These crew members of the U.S.S. Grand Canyon are on an American Express tour of the Acropolis.

be much chance of leaving Greece after this ship goes," he said.

Mr. Gordon knew that only a handful of those left behind when the Excalibur steamed out of Piraeus would succeed in making their way to the United States. The only avenue of escape open to them would be the perilous journey through the "undergrounds" of the occupied countries.

"No," he replied, "there won't be much chance."

The man was almost resigned to spending the duration of the war under either German or Italian occupation when at 4 o'clock, 60 minutes before departure time, Mr. Gordon tapped him on the shoulder.

"A last minute cancellation just came through," he said, "and American Express has arranged for you to take the empty berth!"

Thus, through the efforts of the American Express, one of the musical geniuses of the 20th century was enabled to find sanctuary from the Germans in the United States, and the freedom he needed to continue giving his artistry to the world.

The last-minute passenger was Dimitri Mitropoulos, whose many spectacularly brilliant concerts here have enriched American culture and endeared him to every music-lover in the nation.

On that fateful day in 1940, Mitropoulos was not only fearful of the impending occupation, but he was eager to fulfill an engagement he had in the United States. He had contracted to lead the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra that season, and if he had not secured passage on the Excalibur, the contract would have been cancelled.

In the years since his arrival, he has amazed audiences in both the United States and Mexico with his virtuosity and energetic—almost acrobatic—podium technique, as well as by his incredible feats of memory. Fellow musicians are awed by his capacity to memorize every composition he conducts, regardless of its intricacy or length.

Arranging passage for Mitropoulos was only one of the hundreds of outstanding services American Express has rendered to the world in its 100-year life span.

Last March 18th, when the company observed its 100th anniversary, it was a world-wide organization, with 161 offices in 27 nations of the world. The beginnings of this vast organization go back to 1850, when three horse-and-buggy express firms combined forces to provide better freight services to the world's fastest growing nation. In the early days, its principal function was to link the turbulent western frontier with the parent cities of the eastern seaboard.

As the frontier surged over the Allegheny Mountains and onto the vast stretches of the Great Plains, American Express advanced with it, building rough-hewn offices in the hastily constructed frontier towns that blossomed overnight. As the westward march continued, American Express served as an artery through which poured goods, equipment, news and ideas from the East to the hardy pioneers.

The new nation was a land of boundless promise and opportunity in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Like a gigantic magnet, it attracted hundreds of thousands of immigrants from the Old World, adventuresome men and women who were eager to grasp at the chance to build homes in the new nation which promised freedom and equality of opportunity to all. These immigrants—from Greece, Italy, Ireland, England and virtually every European nation—were in large part responsible for moulding the United States into the mighty nation it is today.

Heavy immigration from Greece began before the turn of the century, and reached its apex in the decade from 1911 to 1920, when 184,201 natives of Greece poured into the United States. Many of these foreign born newcomers left their families and financial obligations in the Old World, and a portion of their earnings in the new land of opportunity was destined to go back across the Atlantic. To these people, a safe and efficient method of transmitting funds was a matter of vital importance.

American Express had established in 1882 a domestic system of transferring funds by Money Orders, and in 1890 it founded a Foreign Shipping Department with many offices in Europe. Company officials realized that one of the needs of newcomers to the growing nation was a competent system of transferring funds to Europe. Accordingly, in 1897, the company decided to use its network of foreign offices as the foundation for a system of transmitting funds from the New World to Europe, and a Foreign Remittance Department was established. Because it provided facilities to send money to the remotest parts of Europe safely and quickly, the new service met with the enthusiastic approval of the many foreign born citizens, and American Express has maintained leadership in the Foreign Remittance field until the present.

The Foreign Remittance Department plays a more important part in world affairs today than ever before. It provides a channel through which Americans who wish to aid friends and relatives in Europe's needy countries can send U. S. dollars. More and more Americans are depending on American Express Foreign Remittances as the surest and most convenient method of sending money abroad.

In its present day function as a world service organization, American Express provides other facilities which are of paramount need today. It has one of the leading Foreign Shipping Departments in the world, and has transferred everything from circus elephants to delicate tulip bulbs across the Atlantic. Its world renowned Travelers Cheques provide the safest, most convenient method of carrying travel funds yet devised, and its Money Orders and Letters of Credit have become widely used instruments in financial exchange.

The company established a Travel Service in 1915, when it became apparent that international and domestic travel was destined to become one of the world's leading industries. The American Express Travel Service today is one of the foremost in the world. This year, perhaps the greatest in travel history, the company has scheduled 170 escorted tours to Europe (the most in company history), as well as more than 200 domestic tours, which touch upon virtually every tourist attractions in the United States and Canada.

Through this service, travelers can have every detail of vacation or business trips arranged for them. Tickets are secured, hotel accomodations reserved, accident and baggage insurance arranged, assistance is rendered in passport and visa details, and itineraries are planned for tourists traveling anywhere in the world.

In pre-war years, Greece was one of the favorite countries with globe-trotting Americans. This year, even though the nation is still in the process of repairing war damages and is torn by internal strife, nearly 5,000 Americans are expected to visit Greece, according to an estimate by D. D. Papaefstratiou, manager of the American Express office in Athens.

From its tiny beginning 100 years ago, American Express has mushroomed into a world-girdling giant, providing a variety of services to the world. As the company moves into its second century of operations, it occupies a leading position in three necessary world services—foreign shipping, world travel and the sale of financial instruments which can be used in both foreign and domestic exchange.

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OFFICIAL GREECE HONORS PANARCADIANS FROM AMERICA

(Continued from Page 25)

and the other officials Mr. Peponis as the leader of the pilgrimage answered in Greek and in English.

This interchange of mutual courtesies started a series of receptions and events from Athens to Tripolis which is still the talk of Greece as well as in America.

The significant thing is that everything was conducted with calculated calm and ability, every little detail was attended to and the general impression among high government officials as well as the public was that of the best. This of course is due to the generally high standards of the average excursionist, but one should never lose sight of the fact that the main responsibility for the success of the pilgrimage, rested with those in high places which means the Supreme President, Mr. Arthur Peponis himself. And he did a good job of it, because he believes in it. People know that he believes in the idea. For the past 30 years he gave his time and money for causes such as this. Traveling from coast to coast to help build the hospital and to build up sentiment for the excursion, assisted right along by the other officers of the organization and the membership as well.

Chronologically the excursion program unfolded as follows:

Sunday, May 14 the SS Nea Hellas docks at the port of Piraeus at noon. Welcoming speeches by the reception committees on board.

Sunday, May 14. 7:30 P. M. Reception in honor of the excursionists by the united Arcadian Societies of Athens and Piraeus at the hall of the Greek American Club.

Monday, May 15. The official doxology at the Athens Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop of Greece Spyridon officiating. Following the doxology, Mr. Peponis on behalf of the Federation and the excursionists lays wreaths in succession before the monument of the unknown soldier, the monument of the Philhelenes and the statue of Theodoros Kolokotronis, with appropriate ceremonies.

Tuesday May 16. Reception at the Lyceum sponsored by the Dept. of Tourism.

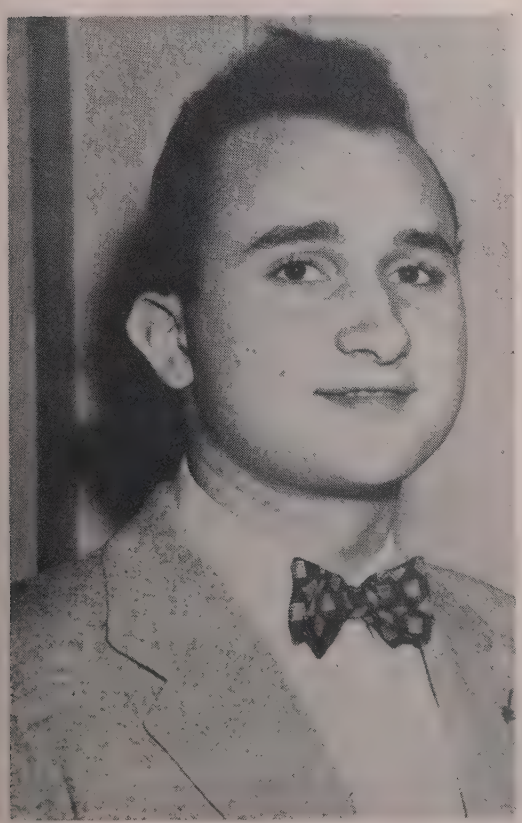
Tuesday, May 16. The Panarcadian Federation banquet in honor of the Greek government and other officials and high personalities at the Grand Bretagne Hotel. Peter Athas, Supreme Vice President of the Federation is chairman of the Banquet. Speeches were delivered by General Plastiras, premier of Greece; Hon. Pitsikas, Mayor of Athens; Admiral Lazaropoulos, chairman of the general reception committee; Hon. Minor, acting U. S. Ambassador; General Vanfleet of the U. S. Commission; the president of the Greek Parliament, Mr. Gontikas; Mr. Tourkovasiles, member of the House of Deputies and the Supreme President, Mr. Peponis, who spoke in behalf of the Panarcadian Federation and the excursionsts, and who with well chosen words conveyed the greetings of the American Greeks to their motherland. He reminded his audience that we here in America are proud of their achievements against the aggressors who invaded Greece, and against the communist hordes which recently endangered their independence and sought to destroy the happiness and tranquillity of society. He congratulated their majesties the King and Queen and all government officials in their andeavor to keep up the undaunted Greek spirit for all freedom loving people to emulate. Our people said Mr. Peponis, will continue to send their help, which however in this case is insignificant to the sacrifices endured by the Greek nation. On this point he quoted Senator Lucas of Illinois who said that our help to Greece is in dollars, measured against the sacrifices of the Greek people and the Greek spirit which has done so much for civilization. He praised the ECA mission for the excellent work it is doing in Greece and lauded the humanitarian efforts and policies of our great president Harry Truman. (Continued on age 32)

THE OFFICIAL PARADE FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THE MONUMENTS FOR THE WREATH LAYING CEREMONIES

AT THE STATUE OF THEODORE KOLOKOTRONIS, the "George Washington of Greece" Mr. Peponis laid a wreath in the name of Arcadians in the United States.

ANDREW G. KANELOS

Creator of the famous Andes Candies now opening their 73rd store in Chicagoland on Randolph Street near State. A prominent figure in the confectionery world, Mr. Kanelos is also a civic-minded leader.



PAUL NIKOPOULOS

Son of Mr. and Mrs. George Nikopoulos of Chicago, distinguished himself as a finalist in the national High School Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Hearst newspapers. He won first place in Chicago, and then he went to Detroit where he again won first place for the Midwest crown. As a finalist for the national crown he won second place in Baltimore, Md. Paul is the first Greek-American boy to win this distinction, and we wish him greater laurels. His father is the organizer of the First Loan and Savings Ass'n. of Chicago.

JOE FARAGO

of the MASTER PAPER BOX COMPANY of Chicago, has been popular in the Greek Community in the Windy City and among Greek-American business leaders for years. He participates in Ahepa activities having served as Vice-President of Chapter No. 46, and generally takes a wide interest in Hellenic things. His company makes those unique and artistic Andes Candies boxes, so well liked in Chicago.

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AHEPA CHAPTER No. 46 FESTIVAL

Two past supreme presidents and more than 3000 Ahepans and their friends thronged the magnificent Pilsen Park in Chicago on July 2, 1950, to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the founding of the "mother" chapter in Chicago, No. 46. Mr. Demetrios Pappageorge, president of the chapter was both the organizer and the moving spirit of the celebration and of the "Festival" which constituted the main event. The Festival was an adaptation from the Iliad of Odysseus' visit to the Court of Alcinous on the island of Scheria. It was the first time that such an elaborate affair was organized for or by an individual Ahepa chapter. Seen in the photographs above are, (left to right): Mr. Van Nomikos, twice Supreme President of the order addressing the crowds, flanked by the president of the celebrating chapter. Center photo: A group from the Alcinous-Odysseus production, with two participating artists: George Bourlos, the well known rhapsodist and Vassos Kanellos the classical choreographer. Other artists not in the photo but who contributed their talents were Minas Booras barione and choirmaster and Andrew Yiannopoulos of the Chicago Greek Theatre. End photo: V. I. Chebithes, many times Supreme President and an "elder Statesman" of the order being introduced by Mr. Pappageorge. Mr. Chebithes delivered the principal address for the occasion.

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O LOGOS

MISSION MOVEMENT UNDER REV. G. MASTRANTONIS GAINS SUPPORT

O LOGOS constitutes American Orthodoxy's answer to the problems of our present day society. It is a sort of a mission founded by the Rev. George Mastrantonis, rector of St. Andrews Greek Orthodox Church in Chicago, and supported both by the Bishop of Chicago Gerasimos and by the Greek Archbishop of North and South America, Michael.

O LOGOS is the "Word" of the gospel and also a symbolic contradiction of "Orthodox Lore of the Gospel of Our Lord" which very properly constitutes the motto of the movement.

Already O LOGOS supports a radio program in the Chicago diocese heard every Saturday evening at 6:30 p. m. over Radio Station WHFC, and is planning a series of such programs all over the country.

The society further expects to disseminate the precious lore of the Greek Orthodox Church by means of weekly pamphlets which will be printed in English and will be distributed all over the country through the Greek Orthodox Communities and other agencies. These pamphlets are already being prepared by a group of experts under the supervision of Rev. George Mastrantonis.

It will take of course a little time to organize such a mission, but the sponsors of the movement are enthusiastic and its success is already assured.

Those interested in the movement should write direct to O LOGOS, 5658 N. Winthrop Ave., Chicago 40, Ill. The Society naturally needs more funds and workers. The lore of Orthology is without doubt a most precious treasure of world Christianity, since among others it embraces the first three or four centuries of the Christian era.

Gapa National Convention

The biennial convention of the national Greek Organization GAPA (Greek American Progressive Association) which took place at Miami this summer was a huge success.

The delegates took their stand on several questions and they voted to petition Congress and the President on behalf of the people of Cyprus who are under British domination and who have voted almost unanimously to be reunited with their mother country Greece. The convention further took its stand on the thousands of Greek children which were abducted into the satellite nations by the guerrillas, and who now should be returned to their parents. Finally in the face of the present crisis the convention voted the following resolution:

WHEREAS the members of our organization, the Greek-American Progressive Association, having immigrated from Greece and having settled here have found a hospitable land, a hospitable people,

WHEREAS this country has a democratic form of government whose origins are to be found in ancient Greece,

WHEREAS every citizen of this country, native or foreign-born, enjoys equality, justice and freedom,

WHEREAS every citizen enjoys absolute freedom of worship in accordance with his religious beliefs,

WHEREAS every citizen has the opportunity to better himself and advance economically, culturally and socially,

WHEREAS foreign propaganda agents and citizens of this country of ours, the United States of America, foreign-born and American-born, are engaged in attempts to overthrow by force the government of this veritable heaven on earth in accordance with orders from abroad,

RESOLVED

That the members of the Greek-American Progressive Association, through their delegates assembled in Miami, Fla., for the Fifteenth Annual Convention of their organization, adopt the following declaration:

That their faith in the democratic ideals, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America, is and shall remain unbound and unshaken;

That they are ready to defend the American way of life at any time;

That they condemn as an enemy ideology any alien ideology seeking to undermine our democratic ideals and concepts, whether communistic or fascist.

JOHN G. MANOS, Supreme President
C. PAPAPHOTIOU, Supreme Secretary
Miami, Fla., July 10, 1950.

The new officers elected at Miami are: John Manos of Chicago, president; Acibiades Karahalios of Portland, Ore., vice-president; Constantinos Papaphotiou, secretary; Theodoros Legatos of San Francisco, treasurer; Vasilios Karabatos of New York, legal adviser:: Varvalidis of Charleston, S. C., was elected Grand Orator of the order; Mr. Tomazos of Pittsburgh, counselor of the new generation and Mary Hadjidaki of San Francisco was elected to supervise the women's organizations.

PANARCADIAN EXCURSION

(Continued from Page 28)

On May 20 the Panarcadians arrived at Tripolis where new honors awaited the excursionists. Following a Te Deum at St. Vasilios Cathedral, Mr. Peponis laid a wreath at the monument of the fathers of the city. Then Mayor Moutzouropoulos received the Panarcadians at the City Hall.

The symbolic ceremony of the dedication of the Panarcadian Hospital at Tripolis, took place on the following day, May 21. It seem that all Arcadia was there. Tens of thousands of eager, grateful people from all parts of Peleponnesus came to admire the magnificent structure, one of the best equipped hospitals in the world. Mr. Peponis delivered the main address for the occasion.

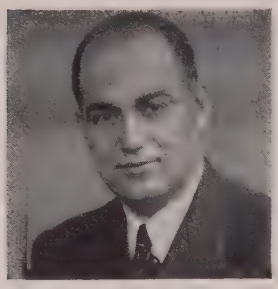
Interpreting the sentiments of Americans of Greek descent generally, Mr. Peponis assured the Greek nation that the latter will not cease to take an active interest in the well being of Greece. He cited the Hospital as an example. Mr. Peponis' address made an excellent impression with the immense crowds. Other speakers included the Governor of Arcadia, the Hon. Paraventes, the Governor of Argolithokorinthias, Hon. Svolos, the two Arcadian deputies Delivorgias and Barbalias and Mr. D. Kalinderis from the students' society.

INTER-ALLIED VETERANS OF WORLD WARS I and II

held their conference in Chicago recently. Greece was represented by Mr. Apostle Flabouras, National Commander of Greek Veterans in America, and the official representative of the Veterans Organizations in Greece. Mr. Fabouras delivered an important message to the conference from the Greek people and the Greek Veterans. His speech was heartily applauded especially when he touched upon the contribution of the Greek people to the altar of liberty throughout the ages. Mr. Flabouras is fourth in the second row (l to r) in the above photograph taken during the conference.

DR. GEORGE CASAVIS

Greek Author and Dodecanesian patriot, now living in New York, was recently honored by the Greek Academy in Athens for one of his books entitled "Laographica Nisyrou" or Folklore of the Island of Nisyros. This very worthy collection of folk verses from the island is one of the best of its kind, and it has been praised by critics for a number of years.



New York

by

JOHN BELASCO

NEVADA LAWYER Paul Ralli the distinguished Las Vegas lawyer whom I have known from our Hollywood days visited New York recently. He is the author of a book entitled **Nevada Lawyer.** Paul served as city attorney of the city of Las Vegas and the book is an interesting saga of the fabulous personalities that make Nevada their playground and a revealing story of the gambling casinos that never close, and of the divorce mill that flourishes in the state. **The Nevada Lawyer** sells for three dollars and is worth more. For information write to Paul Ralli, Professional Bldg., Las Vegas, Nevada.

JUNE BRIDE: The marriage of Miss Helen George, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John George of New York, to Mr. Chris Anton (Antonopoulos) a well knwn New York Arcadian, took place at the St. Spyridon Church. Sam Papadopoulos of Canton Ohio, served as best man. Lovely Mary George, the brides sister was maid of honor. Brides-maids and mates: Helen Bacoyanis, Pauline Sclavakis, Sousa Vachlisti; John Anton, E. Johnson, and Tim Christopoulos. Little Nick Fasois was ringbearer, and lovely Evanthia Kokali, flower girl. Reception followed at the Trocadero Ballroom with music by popular Perry Voultsos. They honeymooned at Virginia Beach.

MARY VRIONIDES: This distinguished columnist is now broadcasting on the "Voice of America" every Friday at 1:15 p. m. New York time. Her subject "Little Women of Greece".

JAMES KARABATOS: For many years editor of the English section of the Atlantis, daily Greek newspaper, Mr. Karabatos is now head of Anatolia Press, 11 West 17th Street, a well established publishing and printing company. Their most recent title "WE AT SEA" was written by Capt. Nicholas Manolis and is a very interesting volume. It sells for $3.00.

HUNTERS COLLEGE: The Artemis Hellenic Society of Hunters College gave their Annual Spring Dance at Henrik Hudson Room of popular Roosevelt Hotel recently, attracting an unusually selected crowd. Miss Sophie Canellas, president of the society and her co-workers deserve hearty congratulations for this delightful gathering.

PRIZE WINNER: Demetrios Kavalinis, a New York Herald Tribune star photographer, whose work appeared also in Athene and other Greek-American publications won first prize for good photography by E. P. Dulton & Co.

SOTO ANDREA: This well liked tenor gave his first recital at the Times Hall last spring and is now preparing for a debut appearance at famous Town Hall this fall. We wish him success.

COMMENCEMENT: On June 18 I attended the commencement exercises at the Hellenic American Boarding School, 287 South Broadway, Tarrytown, N. Y. This private school now on its 19th year is being patronized by children of relatively wealthy Greek-Americans from all over the country is doing a good job. I was especially impressed by the commencement events this year.

JAMES TRAKIS: This well known New York clothier who at the present time is visiting his native Crete, recently became grandfather for the first time, when a healthy baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Trakis of Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

THE CANOUTAS IN CHICAGO: Mrs. Seraphim Canoutas of New York, well known writer is now in Chicago visiting her talented daughter, Mrs. George Kapsambelis. Mr. Kapsambelis is Greek Consul General in Chicago.

BOUKIDIS CHRISTENING: Athanasios-Thomas is the name given to the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Boukidis of White Plains, N. Y. The christening took place at the Greek Cathedral. Soto Andrea accepted the responsibilities of Godfather. Mr. Boukidis is an executive at the Westinghouse Corp. main office in New York.

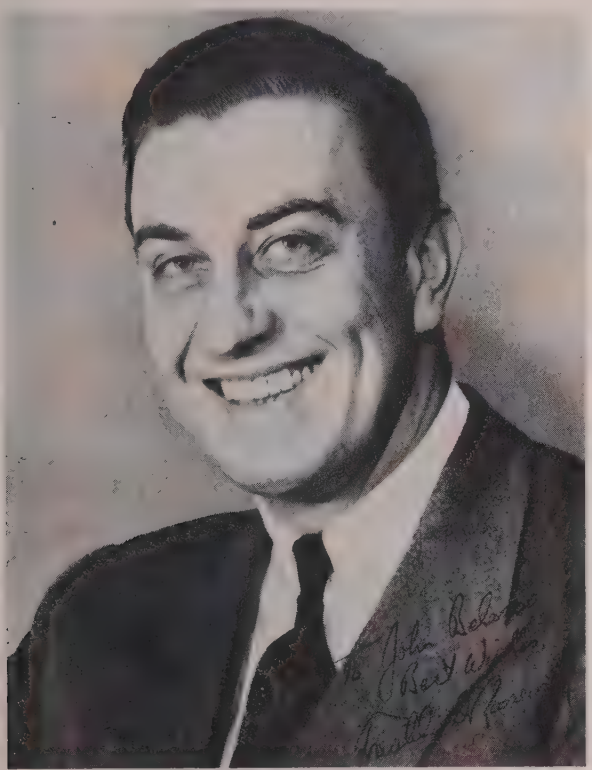
PIANIST: Anna Xydis, Carnegie Hall artist with an international reputation and who is considered a most outstanding woman pianist of the period, has been selected by Eugene Ormandy to appear as a soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra on December 22-23 at Philadelphia.

MISS VOULA PALEOLOGOU: This charming Brooklyn miss is active in local community activities. Recently she became connected with the well known manufacturers and distributors of fine furniture, Clement Associates, 432 Fourth Ave., New York.

SUNSET SPRING HOTEL: This popular Summer resort institution, one of the best in the country, at Hames Falls, on the Catshill mountains is owned and operaed by the ever smiling host Jack (John) D. Stames.

DECORATED: George Chryssikos, well known New York lawyer and an authority on Greek jurisprudence was awarded the medal of the Phoenix by the Greek Government through King Paul.

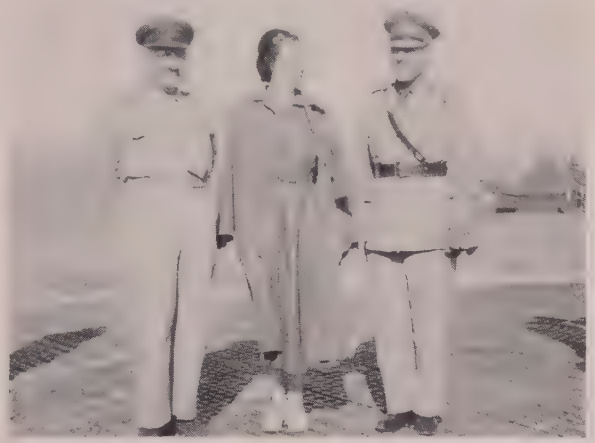
LIKE FATHER LIKE SON: Congressman Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., was initiated into the Order of A.H.E.P.A. (AmericanHellenic Educational Progressive



Association) by the Manhattan Chapter. His famous father was a member of the Delphi Chapter of the Order, which is also located in New York.

MOTHER OF TWINS: The hovering stork delivered twin boys to Mrs. Milton Venetos of Brooklyn. There are now four boys in the family. The proud father, one of the Venetos boys, owns the Mohawk Hotel in Brooklyn.

I LOVE GREECE!: Miss Elise Lavelle who toured Greece recently as a relief worker, visited many localities notably the area around Castoria where at the front she was photographed with the Greek Royal Family. She was highly impressed with the hospitality and the courage and tenacity of the people in the face of danger and destitution. Upon her return to America Miss Lavelle made several radio broadcasts appealing to the people in America to continue their support of Greek rehabilitation efforts. Miss Lavelle is



GENERAL VANDERIS, ELISE LAVELLE, GENERAL KITRILAKIS

the niece of the late Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. She is also an active member of the board of directors of the "Friends of Greece, Inc." which organization was founded in 1941 by Mrs. Beatrice Chanler.

"I Love Greece and her people" Miss Lavelle said to me repeatedly and enthusiastically. We are sure that the people of Greece will never forget Miss Lavelle and all she has done for them.

PASSING OF GOULANDRIS SHOCK TO GREEK AMERICANS

The recent death of John P. Goulandris in Paris came as a shock to Greek Americans on the Eastern seaboard where he was liked and to the shipping trade in general of which he was a leader. Funeral services were held at the New York Greek Cathedral on July 22. Service was conducted by His Grace Archbishop Michael of North and South America; His Grace the Metropolitan of Thyateira Germanos; His Grace the Metropolitan of Kelavryta Agathonikos; Rev. Basil Efthimiou and Rev. George Papadeas of the Cathedral staff; Rev. George Rousos of Philadelphia and Deacon Neophytos.

John P. Goulandris was head of the Orion Shipping and Trading Co., 80 Broad Street, N. Y. He was born on the Island of Andros and was descended of a family of shipowners since 1850. In 1940 he came to America and founded the Orion Company now one of the larger operators of ocean-going tramp steamers. He also founded the Andros Shipping Co. Ltd., operating Canadian flag ships in the Pacific and the Atlantic and last year he established the Canada-United Kingdom Line Ltd., known as the Kanuk Line, operators of cargo vessels. He is survived by his wife the former Marie Lemos; a son Peter; a daughter Chryssanthi; his mother Mrs. Chyssi Goulandris; four brothers: George, Basil, Nicholas and Constantine, and a sister Mrs. Marie Embiricos.

DEMETRA VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 23)

At breakfast I said nothing, and went to school as usual, though I had a headache, and the pains in my chest increased.

On the way to school it occurred to me that I was not acting fairly to my friends. If it had really got me, I ought not to stay with them and their young children. I must find out for certain.

Not wishing to consult my friend's doctor, I obtained permission to leave, after two classes, and went to the best pharmacy, where I asked for the address of a doctor of good standing, who was not fashionable or expensive.

The pharmacist wrote down a name and address, and I walked the half mile to the house. It was in a good street, and looked well-to-do. I hesitated, wondering what his charge would be, and how many books I should have to abstain from buying in order to consult him.

An elderly woman in black opened the door and led me to a salon where two other people were waiting. The room struck me as unusual. The furniture was of cane, and sparkled as if it were often washed. The walls were painted a light grey, and no pictures were on them. In place of old magazines, such as one usually finds in doctors' waiting-rooms, there were books with clean paper covers.

In spite of my fatigue and pain, the attraction of books led me to open one, and then another. They were all books of poetry in various languages.

Soon the black-robed woman came to take the other two to the doctor. I leaned my head against the wall and closed my eyes, wondering what the verdict on me would be. Perhaps I dozed, became the elderly lady had to touch me to tell me that the doctor was ready.

His consulting room was as scrupulously clean and unencumbered as his salon. He pointed to a chair opposite his, and I sat down. To my surprise he did not ask my name or address, only how I happened to come to him. I told him, without mentioning my inheritance.

He made a thorough examination of me, speaking in a sympathetic voice, with a calm that was soothing.

He said nothing after the examination, but motioned me to sit down again, and with a friendly light in his eyes began talking as if this were a social call, his long thin hands resting quietly on his desk.

For a while I followed his lead, since his talk was interesting, until my anxiety for his verdict impelled me to ask: "Isn't what we are talking about irrelevant to what I came for?"

"Not so much as you think. You see a patient isn't only made of a body. He has a mind and a soul. Sometimes what his body is suffering from is the result of the suffering of the other two. I should say that what has happened to you has been caused mostly by worry and overwork. How old are you?"

I told him.

"You look much older. Now tell me what you are worrying about. What is it exactly that you want?"

"A pair of wings."

"And if you got them, what would you do with them?"

"I would fly away."

"Where to?"

"To Paris, to the Sorbonne, to study."

"And you'd park your wings in the hall, like a bicyclette?"

I couldn't help laughing, finding him very likeable. He was one of those idealistic Greeks who become doctors because they love humanity and wish to serve it. The Hypocratic oath seemed written upon his brow.

"Leaving everything else apart, doctor, has it got me?"

"What?"

"Tuberculosis."

"I shouldn't say so. You have a tendency to it. I suppose it is in your family?"

I nodded.

"Does that worry you?"

"Not at all."

(To be continued)

JUDICIAL ERRORS PUBLISHED BY EL. CONSTANTOPOULOS

"Judicial Errors" a volume destined for lawyers but of general interest, by G. Guilhermet, Professor of Judicial Psychology at the University of Paris has been published in English with a prologue and commentary by El. Constantopoulos, attorney at law and member of the Athens Bar Association.

In reading this extraordinary commentary on the errors which have taken place or could take place in a court room, one is struck by the infinite frailties of human character and the altogether thin thread that separates testimony from judicious judgment. The volume is of interest to the general reader as well and we recommend it to the layman who wants to benefit from the experience and wisdom of this objective French legal mind.

Mr. Constantopoulos' prologue is well written and displays a deep knowledge of the subject which constitutes the principal argument of the book. The subject matter is so inclusive and so important one is tempted to ask why the book has not been translated before. From the legal standpoint the exposition of error is invaluable, but since we cannot speak authoritatively on the matter, we shall let those who can speak more judiciously pass judgment on the application of its contents in court. What we are interested in here, is that this volume makes good reading for everybody, and to that extent of every inquiring mind. For as Constantopoulos says, enough men have known Justice. It is time that Justice should know men.

NEW YORK PARAGRAPHS

By DEMETRIOS TSECOS

If you plan to come to New York you should not miss Alexander Theodore Sarandedes. He is the owner of the fashionable S. Alexander's Flower Shop at the famous Woolworth Building, 2 Park Place.

Alexander is an artist in his work having served as head designer for fifteen years in one of the best shops in town Bloomingdale's. He finds great pleasure around Christmas decorating the biggest motion picture houses in New York. More than that, he is somewhat of a "philosopher" and a very ineresting person to meet.

*

Among the Greek American philanthropic societies of New York, the AESCULAPIAN THESSALIAN BROTHERHOOD Inc., is not only one of the oldest having been organizel 38 years ago, but also one of the most active. In a recent meeting the following officers were named for the coming year. Michael Nibis president; Paul Itta vice-president; Stergios Bobotis treasurer. All three are natives of Velestinos, Thessaly, where the great national poet of the Greek revolution, Rhegas Pheraios or Velestinlis was born. The ancient name of the city of Pherai which is also the locale of Euripides famous play Alcestis which in modern times has been made into an opera which I once saw produced by the Metropolitan. Homer in his Iliad mentions twice the famous spring of Hypereia at Pherai where water was running from the mouth of four marble lions. Other officers include: George Varelas secretary, and Miltiades Forlingas trustee, both natives of Trikkala where according to tradition the God of Medicine Askleipios had his home, the same God who found hospitals of physiotherapy all over Greece known as Asklipeiea This society has contributed over $20,000 for the reconstruction of the damaged Sanatorium Vounesion "Holy Trinity" at Karditsa Thessaly. They expect to raise at least $30,000 more, so recently they organized an outing at the Terrace View Park, N. J., just for that purpose. The reception committee in addition to the above officers included: Christos Visvikis, Demetrius Pappazisis, Efthymios Spyrou, George Visvikis, Stephanos Tsakmakis, Christos Delihas, Petros Avgerinos, John Toufexis, John Gerophyllou, Demetrius Nibis, John Moutopoulos and Demetrius Tsiokos. Ladies Society "THESSALY": Mrs. Stella Kakavaki, president; Mrs. Victoria Moutopoulos, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Athema Visviki, Secretary; Mrs. Kiki Soultanis, Treasurer; Mrs. Fanny Nolla, Mrs. Vasiliki Argyrski, Mrs. Ourania Stathi, Mrs. Olgo Calogirou, Mrs. Asimo Hicarou, Mrs. Vasiliki Paul Itta and Mrs. Cath. Tsiokos Kalamaridi. Daughters of "THESSALY" Society: Miss Catherine Muha, President; Miss Andro Ladas Kokkinaki, Vice-Pres.: Miss Efigenia Caloir, Secretary; Mrs. Alice Itta Vlachos, Treasurer; Miss Evangeline Coulakiotis Taxiarhis, Miss Voula Aneste, Miss Evelyn Aneste, Miss Victoria Caloir, Miss Sophia S. Tahou, Miss Helen Soultanis and Mrs. Mary Harilaou P. Avgerinou.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Pappas or Papoutsakis of Riverdale, N. Y.. but originally from Heracleion, Crete, announced the engagement of their charming daughter Miss Catherine Pappas to Mr. Andreas Karavellas of New Brunswick, N. J. The prospective groom's parents hail from historic Sparta. Our congratulations.

JOHN SEXTON & COMPANY IN SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO, June 5—John Sexton & Company, nationally operating, manufacturing, wholesale grocers today announced the closing of a 10-year lease for a new combination sales-distribution branch in San Francisco. The actual rental figure was not disclosed.

According to Sherman J. Sexton, company president, the new establishment which will have a staff of more than 100 will serve the company's rapidly growing clientele in all the Pacific Coast territory west of the Rockies. Previously customers in this area were handled from the company's offices in Chicago and Dallas.

Sexton's latest addition, which was leased from the Safeway Stores, was built by the latter company only 2½ years ago. A one-story-warehouse unit, it has a floor area of 130,000 square feet. Strategically located for highway traffic and with a siding on the Western Pacific railroad it is situated at 1950 Army Street in the Golden Gate city.

Headquartered at Chicago, the company has other major branches in Long Island City, Dallas, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Detroit and Pittsburgh and Boston.

In 1949 its total sales exceeded $33,000,000.

BOOKS By C. J. LAMPOS

BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON AND THE GREEK TOUCH

I have made two trips to Washington, D. C., during the past three years, and it was amusing as well as eye-opening in our rounds of sights to pick out a recurrent architectural feature. American cities along the Eastern seaboard were built and adorned during the Neo-Classical period of architecture among the nations of Western Civilization, and even many of the latest buildings in Washington reveal a most decided Greek influence.

The Capitol Building with its majestic dome contains Greek columns, and some parts of the interior have the semblances, especially under its two domes and numerous arches, of a Byazntine church. (No direct Byzantine influence, of course). A short distance away, the Senate Office Building has stairs and columns which give it much more of a Greek look. The new Supreme Court Building is a superb piece of Greek revival architecture. Its staired and columned entrance is not unlike a Greek temple, and throughout its tremendous interior are Greek columns. There is even a row of such columns behind the judges, chairs. The National Gallery of Art, also erected in recent years, has a Greek-temple entrance, and inside are two fountained courts surrounded by huge black columns. This magnificent museum contains what may be called an "El Greco Gallery", for there are five canvases by the Greek-Spanish master on its walls. Two are versions of "St. Martin and the Beggar", with the captions providing the information that the larger one is thought to be the original. The other three are "The Virgin Saint Ines and Saint Tecla", "St. Ildefonso", and one that I have forgotten the title of. In an adjacent gallery is El Greco's "The Laocoon".

The Jefferson and Lincoln memorials are both Exquisite Greek temples. The Library of Congress is Italian Renaissance in its architecture, but the interior is decorated with mosaics—a medium perfected by the Byzantines. (No direct influence, of course, as the art of the Byzantines wasn't known here except through Italian adaptations). Some of these mosaics depict Greek subjects—the Nine Muses and scenes of Greek gods and heroes. The White House has a few columns, and so do the Treasury Building, National Archives Building, and Constitution Hall. Across the Potomac in Arlington Cemetery is Lee Mansion, home of the great Southern general. It contains an imposing array of white wooden columns.

In Washington we find another example of a great democracy using its love of beauty, its talents, and its wealth to beautify its seat of government. "We seek to make our city the most beautiful in the world," said the top man of Periclean Athens, and we Americans are of like mind in regards to our own capitol.

The vicinity is also full of Greek touches. South of Washington in Virginia is the much older city of Alexandria, and there we visited the George Washington Masonic Memorial. It is situated on a hill overlooking the city and locality, and the huge building is a replica of "The Pharos", the Hellenistic lighthouse of Alexandria, Egypt. There are two reasons given for making such a copy—the similarity of the name of the cities and the thought as the Egyptian lighthouse guided ships at sea, so George Washington guided our country to freedom and its establishment as a new and unified nation. A third reason might be that it provides a startling and effective monument.

We journeyed deep into Virginia to visit Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. This universal man was an architect by avocation, and of course he followed the Neo-Classical trend of his day. Though he intended it to be a manor house, he erected a home with columns and a round top which give it the appearance of a Greek temple. Jefferson also designed the home of his friend and neighbor James Monroe and adorned its front with Greek columns. He founded the University of Virginia and designed its first buildings. The circle of dormitories has Greek columns.

We also drove to the restored colonial city of Williamsburg and stared through the rain at the Raleigh Tavern, in one room of which was formed the honorary scholastic society Phi Betta Kappa, first of the Greek-letter societies in America. It is appropriately called "The Apollo Room".

In my brother's parlor was a large reproduction of El Greco's "Virgin with Saint Ines and Saint Tecla", one of the master's more delightful than mystical works. Inquiry regarding the saints in the painting of THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR fetched the information that St. Tecla is especially revered by the Greek church. Surely El Greco slipped her in from personal choice rather than by request of his Spanish patrons. I was surprised by the wide evidence of the El Greco revival in my brother's apartment. Besides a number of books on the master in his library, on his cocktail table was a copy of LIFE MAGAZINE for April 24, 1950, containing an article on El Greco by Aldous Huxley and several large reproductions of his paintings. And I also found a poem on El Greco in the May 1950 issue of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Everywhere on my Washington trips I saw beautiful things; everywhere I encountered a Greek touch.

ORTHODOX ART

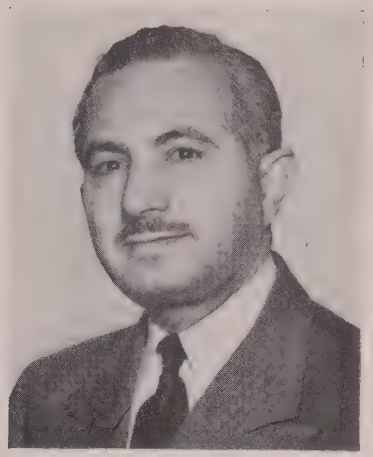
Beautifully illustrated art books have become an established passion during the past decade or more, and minor as well as major artists and periods are regularly treated in an infinite variety of publishing ventures. Undoubtedly, there are gaps here and there, and one of them is plugged up by surely the rarest and most exquisite monograph in the field. It is ICONS: RELIGIOUS ART OF EASTERN EUROPE, With an Introduction by Alfred Werner (A. A. Wyn. New York. 1949. $1.50).

This is a tiny book, beginning with an eight-page interpretation of Greek Orthodox icon technique. These wooden panel icons were turned out on a mass-pro-

(Continued on Page 47)

The Story of Ahepa

By KIMON A. DOUKAS



KIMON A. DOUKAS

It was on July 26, 1922, when 17 American citizens of Greek birth met in the Greek School of Atlanta, Georgia, and decided to organize "a national, secret, fraternal order for patriotism, education and progress among our compatriots." It was on that memorable day — more than 27 years ago — that the *American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association* was born as an idea.

And since then, this idea, this dream, this Hellenic national project, has been expanding from city to city, from State to State, in the United States and in Canada. And now the edifice stands erect. And each of us can point to it with admiration. And every Ahepan can proudly say:

I have laid each stone in its measured place
Turret, tower and stair,
Pillars and carvings that lie on their face,
And I know that my work is fair.

Ahepa is synonymous to Hellenism in America — indeed, it is Hellenism itself and portrays its early struggle, its growth and evolution, its ultimate achievements. For Ahepa was born at a time when the early Hellenes in this great land of ours were still poor and unknown immigrants who worked hard and long, had little time for play and practiced frugality until they could establish themselves and earn a place of dignity and honor they so richly deserved, among their fellow-Americans. Their glorious heritage of an incomparable history full of noble traditions and high ideals could not but spurn them on in the difficult road of hard work and just rewards.

Our First National Convention was called in Atlanta on October 14, 1923. At the time, 32 Chapters had been organized and about 1300 members were actively engaged in promoting the objects and principles of the newly founded *Order of Ahepa.* Among those Chapters was included our own *Delphi* No. 25, which was the first to be instituted in New York City, on August 15, 1923.

And when the then Supreme President, N. D. Chotas, rose to address the delegates — 8 Supreme Lodge officers and 19 Chapter representatives — he looked back on "the newest of American immigrants coming from a bleak and barren land, where education is attained only at a sacrifice and luxuries are practically unknown" and was gratified to note that the dream of these immigrants of yesterday was about to be realized — they were establishing themselves solidly in the life of the American Nation; they were earning an enviable reputation as peaceful and hard-working citizens; they were now ready to band together into a powerful fraternity of intelligent and cooperative membership. The future belonged to prospective Ahepans throughout the breadth and length of our land.

Our Second National Convention met in Washington, September 21-25, 1924. Nine members of the Supreme Lodge and 38 Delegates represented 28 Chapters, including *Brooklyn* No. 41 and *Upper Manhattan* No. 42, which were organized that year in Metropolitan New York. The fez, emblem and jewels now in use were officially adopted with a resolution providing that "Supreme Officers shall wear dress when officiating at initiation ceremonies." Two other significant events mark this Convention, the transfer of the National Headquarters from Philadelphia to Washington and the official visit paid to the President of the United States, the late Calvin Coolidge.

Our Third National Convention was held in Chicago, September 28 to October 2, 1925. Its membership included 9 Supreme Lodge officers, 6 past Supreme officers and 59 delegates representing 48 Chapters comprising 5,264 members. At this Convention the Preamble to the Constitution and the official name of the *Order of Ahepa* was adopted. In the months that followed *Long Island* No. 86 and *Queensboro* No. 97 were organized in New York, while the total membership was increased to 9,291.

Our Fourth National Convention met in Philadelphia, August 30 to September 3, 1926. There were in attendance 12 Supreme Lodge officers, 5 Mother Lodge members, and 93 Delegates representing 79 Chapters. This Convention marked the adoption of our Junior Order of the *Sons of Pericles,* the subdivision of the *Ahepa* Domain into nine Gubernatorial Districts and the founding of reaching into the far West, establishing Chapters all along the Pacific Coast and bringing the total number to 153 Chapters with an aggregate membership of 13,468.

Our Fifth National Convention was called to order in Miami, August 29 to September 3, 1927,

with 17 Supreme and Past Supreme Lodge officers, and 105 Delegates representing 99 Chapters. Two of its most notable acts were the inauguration of an annual Excursion to Greece and the approval of a drive for 55,000.00 which were collected for charitable, patriotic and educational purposes, among which the Corinth Relief Fund, the Greek War Orphans and the Statue of Ypsilanti. The good ship AHEPA was true to the course mapped out by its founders. The total Chapters including *Bronx* No. 175 were increased to 190, with a grand total of 17,516 members initiated into the Order from July 26, 1922 to September 1, 1928.

Our Sixth National Convention met in Detroit, August 27 to September 1, 1928. By far it was a most brilliant event. Its membership represented the best that Hellenism in America had to offer in 1928. There were 16 Supreme Officers, 5 Mother Lodge members and 143 Delegates in attendance. It voted that a National Banquet be held in Washington, it authorized the expansion of the Order into Canada, and what proved to be an unforgettable experience, it unveiled the Statue of the leader of the Hellenic Revolution in 1821, Demetrios Ypsilanti, in the City of Ypsilanti, Michigan. More than 3,000 Ahepans in uniform marched with flags and banners to the square where the statue is erected. In the year that followed *Coney Island* No. 200 was founded, raising the number of Metropolitan New York Chapters to seven.

Our Seventh National Convention was held in Kansas City, August 26-31, 1929. Its membership included 16 Supreme officers, 5 Mother Lodge members and 152 Delegates. The Third Ahepa Excursion to Greece held that year contributed to the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the Greek Independence. During this administration the Chapters were increased to 264 with a total membership of 27,805.

Our Eighth National Convention was held in Boston, August 25 to September 1, 1930, with 18 Supreme officers, 5 Mother Lodge members, 2 Past Supreme Presidents and 192 delegates attending. They and their guests displayed such a dash and zeal that sedate and old-fashioned Bostonians sat up and took notice of their fellow Americans of Greek origin. It was at that time that a second memorial statue of the hero Dilboy was dedicated in the City of Summerville, Mass. More than 5,000 Ahepans, led by companies of brilliantly attired patrols, drum corps and marital music, paraded with flags and banners to the square with high dignitaries of our Church in gorgeous vestments and high government officials participating. Hellenism in America was on the march!

Our Ninth National Convention went west to San Francisco, August 24-31, 1931. Ahepans from far and wide came to take part in the deliberation, which "in publicity, entertainment, style, speed and endurance surpassed all previous meetings," according to Past Supreme President Chebithes.* There were 17 Supreme officers, 3 Mother Lodge members, 1 Past Supreme President and 148 Delegates representing 281 American

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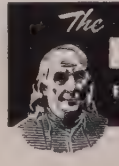
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and 13 Canadian Chapters of a total membership of 30,258. This Convention reduced the membership of the Supreme Lodge from 18 to 7, and created 36 Gubernatorial Districts with a District Lodge each elected by District Conventions. The Fourth Ahepa Excursion to Greece extended its visit to the Patriarchal Throne of Constantinople and presented the Holy See with a gift from the Chapters.

Our Tenth National Convention was held in Baltimore, August 29 to September 5, 1932. There were 7 Supreme Officers, one Mother Lodge member, one Past Supreme President and 168 Delegates. At this Convention the term of office of the Supreme Lodge members was increased from one to two years, during which the Fifth and Sixth Excursions to Greece took place and the Chapters were increased to 297 in the United States and 14 in the Dominion of Canada with an aggregate membership of 35,611.

Our Eleventh National Convention was held in Columbus, August 20-26, 1934. There were only 110 Chapters represented. This Convention was followed by the Twelfth in Chicago in 1935, the Thirteenth in St. Paul in 1936, the Fourteenth in Syracuse in 1937, the Fifteenth in New Orleans in 1938, the Sixteenth in Providence in 1939, the Seventeenth in Seattle in 1940, the Eighteenth in Cincinnati in 1941 and the Nineteenth in Altanta in 1942. That year Metropolitan Ahepans gave a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of the late King George II of Greece.

In the three war years that followed — 1943, 1944 and 1945 — only Conferences were held in Washington, attended by the members of the Supreme Lodge, Past Supreme Presidents and the District Governors of the 24 Districts. During this period, the Ahepa War Service Units greatly contributed to the war effort, the Order of Ahepa was constituted an official issuing agent of the Treasury Department for War Bonds, and the Ahepa Educational and Welfare Fund was organized.

Our Twentieth National Convention was held in Baltimore, August 23-30, 1946. There were in attendance 325 Chapter delegates and 275 alternates, 125 Daughters of Penelope, 100 Maids of Athens and 85 Sons of Pericles. General Papagos, the hero of 1940 and 1949, was duly honored after having toured the country on behalf of Ahepa's Hospital Drive; a donation of $25,000 was voted to the Pomphret Seminary; the Committee for Justice to Greece was strengthened; and the Ahepa Hospital Drive Fund, which was authorized by the Washington Conference of 1945 and had collected almost one million dollars, was merged with the Greek War Relief projects for public health in Greece. Later that year in December, Metropolitan New York Ahepans honored Constantine Tsaldaris, then Prime Minister of Greece, at a banquet held at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the following March the First Airborne Excursion to Greece was organized.

Our Twenty-First National Convention was held in Los Angeles, August 18-24, 1947. There were in attendance 238 delegates, with the Daugh-

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ters of Penelope holding simultaneously their Sixth National Convention. It was during that year that our Seventh National Banquet — the classical biennial Ahepa event — was successfully held in Washington, commemorating on March 29, 1948 the 127th Anniversary of the Greek War of Independence. It was attended by President Truman, 299 U. S. Members of Congress, and Ahepans from all parts of the United States and Canada. It captured the headlines of most newspapers the following morning and thereby made Ahepa attain a nation-wide prominence.

Our Twenty-Second National Convention met at Detroit, August 16-21, 1948, with a total of 223 delegates attending. The per capita tax was increased from $4 to $5 per year, and the office of a District Advisor was created for the Junior Auxiliaries of Maids and Sons. It was estimated that over 10,000 visitors came to the world's automotive center to lend color and to share in the festivities of Ahepans, Daughters, Maids and Sons.

Our Twenty-Third National Convention was held in Miami, August 14-21, 1949, with a total of 200 votes. This current year will be marked by our Eighth National Banquet in Washington to be held on March 7th, 1950, and by an Excursion to Greece on the S. S. NEA HELLAS, leaving from New York on March 17th, 1950 and returning on April 2nd, 1950.

Here ends only part of the story that covers a chronology of events as spaced by our National Conventions, Excursions, Banquets, Drives and other events on a national scale. Now let us answer the roll call of Ahepha's contribution to the American Scene, the scene that is dotted with a veritable net-work of colleges, rural schools, hospitals, town hall meetings, chain stores, drug stores, food counters, drive-in markets and drive-in movies, assembly lines and radio stations spread across our country in a repetitive pattern and distinguishing it from any landscape on earth. Let us merely enumerate our achievements, the achievements of Hellenism to American civilization. Let us answer briefly and from the record what Ahepa has accomplished in the last quarter of a century.

We have initiated 61,926 members.

We have established 362 Chapters all over the United States of America and in the Dominion of Canada, exclusive of Chapters organized on excursions.

We have set up three Auxiliary Organizations, namely, the Daughters of Penelope, the Sons of Pericles and the Maids of Athens.

As of June 30, 1949, our Current Assets amounted to $599,128.19, our Property and Equipment less Depreciation to $10,766.36, including a Florida Real Estate carried at $3,492.55, our Other Assets to $30,401.27, and a First Trust Note on Property located at 1420 K Street, N. W., Washington, to $80,000.00, a grand total of $720,295.82. To these National Assets must be added a list of others in bank accounts, real and personal property and sundry, aggregating many more thous-

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ands of dollars and belonging to our Districts and our Chapters.

In the year 1948-1949 alone our National Headquarters earned a per capita tax in the total sum of $97,827.75, exclusive of initiation and reinstatement fees, subscription, sales and other income. Add to these figures what is regularly earned by our Chapters in dues, from public meetings, from banquets, dances, pic-nics and sundry, and you have an idea of the immense wealth concentrated in the hands of this great Order of ours.

During the same year, we spent $27,503,77 in running our Washington Headquarters; we dispensed $44,139.09 from our Emergency Fund in death benefit claims; we paid out $14,074.39 toward the publication of our national magazine *The Ahepan.*

During 1948-1949 our expenditures for Hospitals and Health Centers in Greece totalled $330,000.00; our Reserve for Ahepa-Greek War Relief Hospitals Joint Account amounts to $400,000.00.

As of June 30, 1949, two of our largest accounts, namely, the Emergency Fund and the National Home Fund, showed balances of $53,296.86 and $124,874.90, respectively.

It cost our National Treasury the grand total of $58,115.17 in order to participate in the last 11 National Conventions from New Orleans in 1938 to Detroit in 1948.

Exclusive of the Ahepa Hospitals Account of $400,000.00, already mentioned, our cash in banks and on hand as at June 30, 1949, was $143,040.93, and our Accounts Receivable aggregated $55,717.26.

In addition to the tract of land acquired in 1938 in Pinellas County, Florida, for an Ahepa Orphanage, already referred to above, our National Sanatorium located in Albuquerque, New Mexico, is carried at $35,165,94 and during the year 1948-1949 left a net income of $4,603.12.

These are figures taken from the Auditor's Report included in the 1949 Year Book. They are not estimates; they are actual dollars and cents. They reflect only a part of our national wealth as owned and operated by the Order of Ahepa. They show good management, honest operation, service to community and nation, progress and growth of Hellenism in America — the theme song of Ahepa.

This then in brief is the story of Ahepa, this incomparable, unparalleled fraternal organization by and of Americans of Greek descent. Back in 1922, a few of these Americans dreaming of a future with a promise and with a prayer joined hands in a common cause and founded the *American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association,* which is dedicated to serve FAMILY, COMMUNITY and NATION in this great democracy of ours.

But the story of AHEPA does not end here. It continues and will continue forever and evermore and as long as AHEPANS live and prosper for the glory of Hellenism in America.

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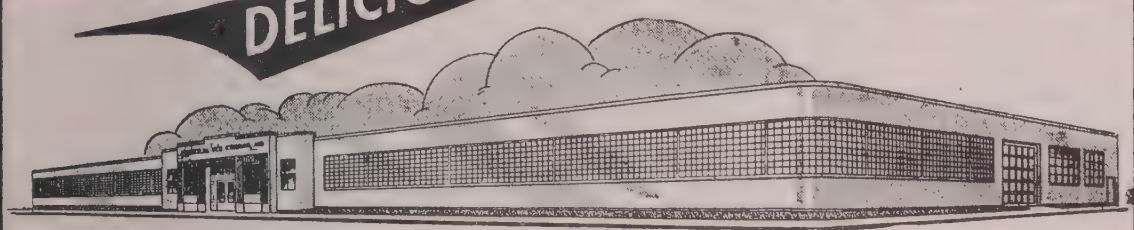

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BOOKS

(Continued on Page 38)

duction basis according to conventional patterns. They have neither perspective nor a feeling of atmosphere. They have rich color, but its range is limited. Despite these modern shortcomings, thousands of these icons are pleasing to the eyes. Mr. Werner adds: "These icons constitute, with their dignity and monumentality, some of the greatest 'abstract' art man has ever created".

Then follow 22 reproductions of icons depicting episodes from the life of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and various saints of the Orthodox Church. They are in lovely techni-color and with a paragraph of explanatory text on subject, nationality, and approximate date. Many were painted at the Mount Athos ateliers and are Russian and Balkan as well as Greek.

This book is a perfect art treasure—especially for those who take Orthodox art for granted or who are entirely unfamiliar with it.

THE BYZANTINE LINK

Last year this department reviewed a Hyperion Miniature booklet on El Greco, and we were surprised recently to find that the same publishers have issued a larger, more attractive miniature on the same artist. It contains 41 illustrations, several of them in color.

It also contains a compact four-page sketch on El Greco's life and art by Henri Dumont, unusual for its insistence on the Byzantine influence on the master. It calls him not only the link between the art of Byzantine and that of Western Europe, but also the link between the 16th century and the pioneers of modern art—Cezanne and his followers. El Greco studied vigorously in Italy, but in his paintings "the influence of Byzantium predominates over that of the Italian masters."

"Thus we know (from Juan Pacheco) that Greco placed color above drawing," Mr. Dumont remarks. "He drew directly with the brush instead of filling outlines with color, and his concern was chiefly with planes and the volumes these planes define. Centuries later Cezanne was to rediscover the Spanish master's technique and in the brightness of Impressionism and outdoor painting make it wholly his own."

This little book is part of the Masters in Art series (The Hyperion Press. New York. 1948. 59 cents).

AMONG THE FIRST TEN

The El Greco Renaissance is in full torrent, and it is amusing as well as appropriate to find so many popular write-ups on this great master. Besides individual books, there are shorter studies in various texts of painting, and among the latter is THE POCKET BOOK OF OLD MASTERS, Edited by Herman J. Wechsler (Pocket Books, Inc. New York. 1950. 112 pp. 64 illustrations. 25 cents).

In this little book for the drug-store trade El Greco is in the company of Da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Breugel, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Vermeer. In fact, though he is one of ten painters, one-eighth of the illustrations are his. The sketch on El Greco is a six-page excerpt from W. Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE, published in 1915 when the Greek-Spanish master was still not even a

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name to the mass of art critics and devotees. This is a scene from a novel, but it is one of the most enlightening interpretations of the brooding genius whose stormy success in Toledo was followed by three centuries of oblivion and an amazing revival during the past half-century.

The passage tells of Philip's introduction to El Greco—"the painter of the soul". The young man stands transfixed and himself brooding before the master's works. "No painter has shown more pitilessly that the world is but a place of passage," the novelist adds. "The souls of the men he painted speak their strange longings through their eyes; their senses are miraculously acute not for sounds and odours and colour, but for the very subtle sensations of the soul."

But when Mr. Maugham says that El Greco "devised a new technique to express the yearning of his soul", he talks through his hat like all those unfamiliar with the 1000-year-old Byzantine technique that the exiled Cretan brought to Spain.

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